



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

EducT
759
00.492

GRADED
LITERATURE
READERS
FOURTH
BOOK

MAYNARD, MERRILL & CO.
29-31-33 EAST 19 STREET
NEW YORK.

Eduet 759.00.492



Harvard College Library

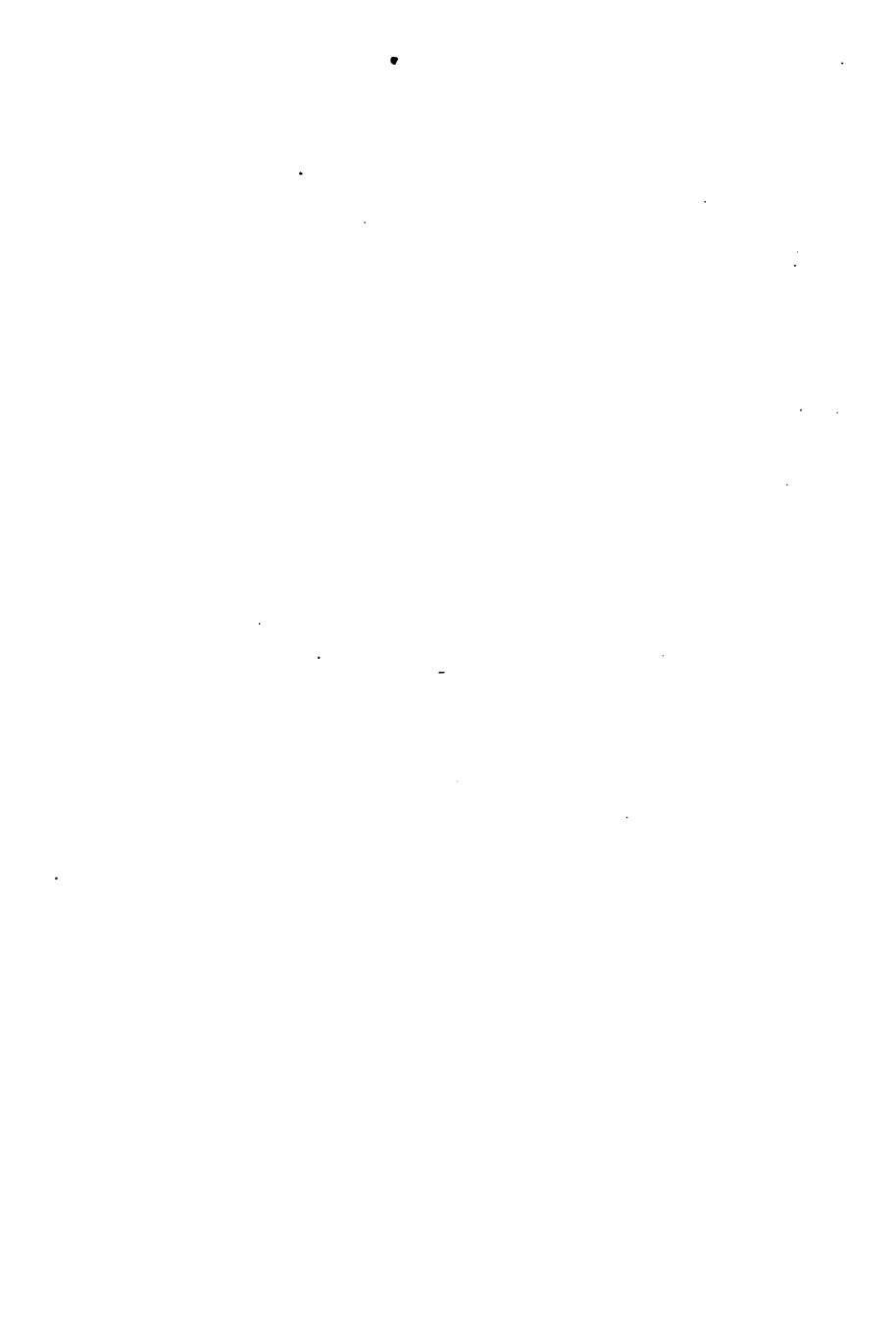
THE GIFT OF
GINN AND COMPANY

DECEMBER 26, 1923



3 2044 097 066 641

o





The Naval Battle between the Serapis and the Poor Richard [See Page 106.]

GRADED LITERATURE READERS

EDITED BY

HARRY PRATT JUDSON, L.L.D.

DEAN OF THE FACULTIES OF ARTS, LITERATURE, AND SCIENCE, UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
AND

IDA C. BENDER

SUPERVISOR OF PRIMARY GRADES IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF BUFFALO, NEW YORK

FOURTH BOOK



MAYNARD, MERRILL, & CO., PUBLISHERS

Educ T 759.00.492

✓

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY

GIFT OF

GINN & CO.

DEC 11 1930

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY

MAYNARD, MERRILL, & CO.

[1]



PREFACE

It is believed that the Graded Literature Readers will commend themselves to thoughtful teachers by their careful grading, their sound methods, and the variety and literary character of their subject-matter.

They have been made not only in recognition of the growing discontent with the selections in the older readers, but also with an appreciation of the value of the educational features which many of those readers contained. Their chief points of divergence from other new books, therefore, are their choice of subject-matter and their conservatism in method.

A great consideration governing the choice of all the selections has been that they shall interest children. The difficulty of learning to read is minimized when the interest is aroused.

School readers, which supply almost the only reading of many children, should stimulate a taste for good literature and awaken interest in a wide range of subjects.

In the Graded Literature Readers good literature has been presented as early as possible, and the classic tales and fables, to which constant allusion is made in literature and daily life, are largely used.

Nature study has received due attention. The lessons on scientific subjects, though necessarily simple at first, preserve always a strict accuracy.

The careful drawings of plants and animals, and the illustrations in color—many of them photographs from nature—will be attractive to the pupil and helpful in connection with nature study.

No expense has been spared to maintain a high standard in the illustrations, and excellent engravings of masterpieces are given throughout the series with a view to quickening appreciation of the best in art.

These books have been prepared with the hearty sympathy and very practical assistance of many distinguished educators in different parts of the country, including some of the most successful teachers of reading in primary, intermediate, and advanced grades.

Thanks are due to Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons and to Governor Roosevelt for their courtesy in permitting the use of the selection from "Hunting Trips of a Ranchman."

INTRODUCTION

In the Fourth and Fifth Readers the selections are longer, the language more advanced, and the literature of a more mature and less imaginative character than in the earlier books.

The teacher should now place increased emphasis on the literary side of the reading, pointing out beauties of language and thought, and endeavoring to create an interest in the books from which the selections are taken. Pupils will be glad to know something about the lives of the authors whose works they are reading, and will welcome the biographical notes given at the head of the selections, and the longer biographical sketches throughout the book. These can be made the basis of further biographical study at the discretion of the teacher.

Exercises and word lists at the end of the selections contain all necessary explanations of the text, and also furnish suggestive material for language work. For convenience, the more difficult words, with definitions and complete diacritical markings, are grouped together in the vocabulary at the end of the book.

A basal series of readers can do little more than broadly outline a course in reading, relying on the teacher to carry it forward. If a public library is within reach, the children should be encouraged to use it; if not, the school should exert every effort to accumulate a library of standard works to which the pupils may have ready access.

The primary purpose of a reading book is to give pupils the mastery of the printed page, but through oral reading it also becomes a source of valuable training of the vocal organs. Almost every one finds pleasure in listening to good reading. Many feel that the power to give this pleasure comes only as a natural gift, but an analysis of the art shows that with

practice any normal child may acquire it. The qualities which are essential to good oral reading may be considered in three groups :

First—An agreeable voice and clear articulation, which, although possessed by many children naturally, may also be cultivated.

Second—Correct inflection and emphasis, with that due regard for rhetorical pauses which will appear whenever a child fully understands what he is reading and is sufficiently interested in it to lose his self-consciousness.

Third—Proper pronunciation, which can be acquired only by association or by direct teaching.

Clear articulation implies accurate utterance of each syllable and a distinct termination of one syllable before another is begun.

Frequent drill on pronunciation and articulation before or after the reading lesson will be found profitable in teaching the proper pronunciation of new words and in overcoming faulty habits of speech.

Attention should be called to the omission of unaccented syllables in such words as *history* (not *histry*), *valuable* (not *valuble*), and to the substitution of *unt* for *ent*, *id* for *ed*, *iss* for *ess*, *unce* for *ence*, *in* for *ing*, in such words as *moment*, *delighted*, *goodness*, *sentence*, *walking*. Pupils should also learn to make such distinctions as appear between *u* long, as in *duty*, and *u* after *r*, as in *rude* ; between *a* as in *hat*, *a* as in *far*, and *a* as in *ask*.

The above hints are suggestive only. The experienced teacher will devise for herself exercises fitting special cases which arise in her own work. It will be found that the best results are secured when the interest of the class is sustained and when the pupil who is reading aloud is made to feel that it is his personal duty and privilege to arouse and hold this interest by conveying to his fellow pupils, in an acceptable manner, the thought presented on the printed page.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
THE STRAW, THE COAL, AND THE	
BEAN	The Brothers Grimm 9
SEPTEMBER	Helen Hunt Jackson 12
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON	13
TRAVEL	Robert Louis Stevenson 16
TRAVELERS' WONDERS	Dr. John Aikin 19
ANTS	24
THE FOUR SUNBEAMS	28
SIFTING BOYS	30
THE FOUNTAIN	James Russell Lowell 34
LEWIS CARROLL	36
WHAT ALICE SAID TO THE KITTEN	Lewis Carroll 38
THE KITTEN AND THE FALLING	
LEAVES	William Wordsworth 43
THE SNOW IMAGE	Nathaniel Hawthorne 45
LITTLE BY LITTLE	63
THE HOUSE I LIVE IN	63
JEFFERSON'S TEN RULES	70
THE PET LAMB	William Wordsworth 71
THE STORY OF FLORINDA	Abby Morton Diaz 75
THE EAGLE	Alfred, Lord Tennyson 90
PSALM XXIII	91
TILLY'S CHRISTMAS	Louisa May Alcott 92
UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE	William Shakspeare 101
OUR FIRST NAVAL HERO	102
HIAWATHA'S SAILING	Henry Wadsworth Longfellow . 108
SHUN DELAY	114
THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER	Lewis Carroll 119
PRINCE AHMED	124

	PAGE
THE PLANTING OF THE APPLE TREE	William Cullen Bryant 149
NESTS	John Ruskin 153
SIR ISAAC NEWTON	Nathaniel Hawthorne 153
LUCY	William Wordsworth 165
TO A SKYLARK	William Wordsworth 167
TOM GOES DOWN TO THE SEA	Charles Kingsley 167
PSALM XXIV 181
A GOOD SAMARITAN	George Macdonald 183
THE SPARTAN THREE HUNDRED 184
THE FAIRY LIFE	William Shakspeare 191
CHARLES DICKENS 193
LITTLE CHARLEY	Charles Dickens 196
TRAY	Robert Browning 207
THE GOLDEN FLEECE	Nathaniel Hawthorne 209
THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER	Francis Scott Key 237
MY NATIVE LAND	Sir Walter Scott 241
HUNTING THE GRIZZLY	Theodore Roosevelt 242

CLASSIFIED CONTENTS

Stories :

Travelers' Wonders
Sifting Boys
What Alice Said to the
 Kitten
The Story of Florinda
Tilly's Christmas
Shun Delay
Little Charley

Classic and Fairy Tales :

The Straw, the Coal, and
 the Bean
The Snow Image
Prince Ahmed
Tom Goes down to the Sea
The Golden Fleece

Literary Biography :

Robert Louis Stevenson
Lewis Carroll
Charles Dickens

History, Biography, and Adventure :

Our First Naval Hero
Sir Isaac Newton
The Spartan Three Hun-
 dred
Hunting the Grizzly

Nature Study :

Ants
The House I Live In

Poems :

September
Travel
The Four Sunbeams
The Fountain
The Kitten and the Falling
 Leaves
Little by Little
The Pet Lamb
The Eagle
Under the Greenwood Tree
Hiawatha's Sailing
The Walrus and the Car-
 penter
The Planting of the Apple
 Tree
Fuey
To a Skylark
A Good Samaritan
The Fairy Life
Tray
The Star-Spangled Banner
My Native Land

Miscellaneous :

Jefferson's Ten Rules
Psalm xxiii
Psalm xxiv

FOURTH READER

The Straw, the Coal, and the Bean

BY THE BROTHERS GRIMM

Jakob Grimm (1785–1863) and Wilhelm Grimm (1786–1859): German authors. The Brothers Grimm, as they are familiarly called, wrote many learned scientific books, but they are best known to children by their collection of German fairy and folk stories.

1. In a village lived a poor old woman, who had gathered some beans and wanted to cook them. So she made a fire on her hearth, and that it might burn more quickly, she lighted it with a handful of straw.

2. When she was emptying the beans into the pan, one dropped without her observing it and lay on the ground beside a straw. Soon afterwards a burning coal from the fire leaped down to the two.

3. Then the straw said: "Dear friends, whence do you come here?"

The coal replied: "I fortunately sprang out of the fire. If I had not escaped by main force my death would have been certain. I should have been burned to ashes."

4. The bean said: "I, too, have escaped with a whole skin. But if the old woman had got me into

the pan, I, like my comrades, should have been made into broth without any mercy."

"And would a better fate have fallen to my lot?" said the straw. "The old woman has destroyed all my brethren in fire and smoke; she seized sixty of them at once and took their lives. I luckily slipped through her fingers."

5. "But what are we to do now?" asked the coal.

"I think," answered the bean, "that as we have so fortunately escaped death, we should keep together like good companions. Lest a new mischance should overtake us here, let us go away to a foreign country."

6. This plan pleased the two others, and they set out on their way together. Soon, however, they came to a little brook, and, as there was no bridge, they did not know how they were to get over.

At last the straw said: "I will lay myself across, and then you can walk over on me as on a bridge."

7. The straw, therefore, stretched herself from one bank to the other, and the coal, who was of an impetuous nature, tripped forward quite boldly on the newly built bridge. But when she reached the middle and heard the water rushing beneath her, she was, after all, frightened, and stood still.

8. The straw then began to burn, broke in two pieces, and fell into the stream. The coal slipped after her, hissed when she sank into the water, and breathed her last.



The bean, who had prudently stayed behind on the shore, could not help laughing at these events, and laughed so heartily that she burst.

9. It would have been all over with her also, if, by good fortune, a tailor who was traveling in search of work had not sat down to rest by the brook. Pitying the poor bean, he pulled out his needle and thread and sewed her together. She thanked him prettily, but, as the tailor used black thread, beans since then have a black seam.

Ůb ġerv'ing: seeing; noticing. **Brėth'rėn:** brothers.
Mis chānce': misfortune; ill luck. **Ĭm pėt'ū ōūs:** hasty.

September

BY HELEN HUNT JACKSON

Helen Fiske Hunt Jackson (1831-1885): An American poet and prose author of much merit, whose writings appeared under the pen name of "H. H." Among her books are "Bits of Travel," "A Century of Dishonor," and "Ramona."

1. The golden-rod is yellow;
The corn is turning brown;
The trees in apple orchards
With fruit are bending down.
2. The gentian's bluest fringes
Are curling in the sun;
In dusky pods the milkweed
Its hidden silk has spun.
3. The sedges flaunt their harvest
In every meadow-nook;
And asters by the brookside
Make asters in the brook.
4. From dewy lanes at morning
The grapes' sweet odors rise;
At noon the roads all flutter
With yellow butterflies.
5. By all these lovely tokens
September days are here,
With summer's best of weather,
And autumn's best of cheer.

Sād'g'as: coarse grasses which grow in marshy places.
Fläunt: wave; spread out. **Noök**: corner. **Tō'kens**: signs.

Which of the flowers named in this poem have you seen?
 At your home do these flowers bloom in September, or
 earlier or later?

Can you name any other tokens of the coming of September?

Robert Louis Stevenson

1. The famous Scotch author, Robert Louis Stevenson, was born in Edinburgh, November 13, 1850. He was a delicate child with a sweet temper and a happy, unselfish disposition, who bore the burden of ill health bravely in childhood as in later life. In "The Land of Counterpane," a poem which you may remember, he tells some of the ways in which he amused himself during the idle days in bed.



Robert Louis Stevenson

2. When he was well enough to be up, he invented games for himself and took keen delight in the world of out-door life.

3. His education was carried on in a somewhat irregular fashion. He attended schools in Edinburgh, and studied with private tutors at places to which his parents had gone for the benefit of his health or of their own. He thus became an excellent linguist, and gained wide knowledge of foreign life and manners. He early showed a taste for literature, beginning as a boy the careful choice of language which made him a master of English prose.

4. Stevenson's father had planned to have him follow the family profession of engineering. With this in view he was sent to Edinburgh University in the autumn of 1868. Later he gave up engineering and attended law classes; but law, like engineering, was put aside to enable him to fulfil his strong desire for a literary life.

5. His first stories and essays, published in various magazines, met with favorable notice. In 1878 he published his first book, "An Inland Voyage," the account of a canoe trip with a friend.

6. The mists and east winds of his native Scotland proved too harsh for his delicate lungs, and year after year he found it necessary to spend more and more time away from his Edinburgh home. On one of these journeys in quest of health, he came to America, and in "Across the Plains" he describes his journey in an emigrant train from New York to San Francisco. It was on this visit

to California that he met Mrs. Osbourne, who became his wife in 1880.

7. "Treasure Island," a stirring tale of adventure, was published in 1883. It was followed by two other boys' stories, "The Black Arrow" and "Kidnapped."

8. In 1887 Stevenson and his wife again visited America. They hired a yacht and spent two years sailing among the islands of the South Seas, finally visiting Apia in Samoa. Samoa pleased Stevenson, and as the climate suited him, he decided to make his home there. At Vailima, his Samoan home, he spent four happy years with his wife and his mother. Then his health failed, and he died suddenly, December 3, 1894. He was buried, as he had desired, on the summit of a mountain near his home.

9. Besides many novels and volumes of essays, Stevenson was the author of four volumes of poetry. The best known of these is "A Child's Garden of Verses," a book of delightful child poems from which the poem "Travel" is taken.

Ling'guist: a person skilled in languages. **För'eign**: belonging to other countries. **Pro fes'sion**: employment; the business which one follows. **Cá noé'**: a small, light boat. **Em'i grants**: emigrants are people who have left one country to settle in another. **Quést**: search. **Yacht**: a light sea-going vessel used for parties of pleasure, racing, etc. **Ä'pi ä. Sä mó' ä. Vai lí'ma.**



Travel

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

I should like to rise and go
 Where the golden apples grow ;—
 Where below another sky
 Parrot islands anchored lie,
 And, watched by cockatoos and goats,
 Lonely Crusoes building boats ;—
 Where in sunshine reaching out
 Eastern cities, miles about,
 Are with mosque and minaret
 Among sandy gardens set,
 And the rich goods from near and far
 Hang for sale in the bazaar ;—
 Where the Great Wall round China goes,
 And on one side the desert blows,

And with bell and voice and drum,
Cities on the other hum;—
Where are forests hot as fire,
Wide as England, tall as a spire,
Full of apes and cocoanuts
And the negro hunters' huts;—
Where the knotty crocodile
Lies and blinks in the Nile,
And the red flamingo flies
Hunting fish before his eyes;—
Where in jungles near and far,
Man-devouring tigers are,
Lying close and giving ear
Lest the hunt be drawing near,
Or a comer-by be seen
Swinging in a palanquin;—
Where among the desert sands
Some deserted city stands,
All its children, sweep and prince,
Grown to manhood ages since,
Not a foot in street or house,
Not a stir of child or mouse,
And when kindly falls the night,
In all the town no spark of light.
There I'll come when I'm a man,
With a camel caravan;
Light a fire in the gloom
Of some dusty dining-room;



See the pictures on the walls,
 Heroes, fights, and festivals;
 And in a corner find the toys
 Of the old Egyptian boys.

Cru'sōæ: men like Robinson Crusoe, the hero of the story of that name. He was a shipwrecked sailor who lived many years on an uninhabited island. **Mosque**: a church in some Eastern countries. **Mín'á rét**: the tall, slender tower of a mosque. **Bá zāar'**: in the East a shop where goods are kept for sale. **The Great Wall**: a wall fourteen hundred miles long, built many hundreds of years ago for the defence of the Chinese empire. **Jūn'glæ**: thickets of trees and vines found in hot countries. **Giving ear**: listening. **Pal an quin'**: an enclosed carriage, used in China and India, which is borne on the shoulders of men by means of two poles. **Swēep**: a boy who cleans chimneys by sweeping them. **Cār-à vān**: a company of travelers through a desert. **Fēs'ti valg**: feasts.



"Ah, ah, papa!" cried Elisabeth, "I have found you out."

Travelers' Wonders

BY DR. JOHN AIKIN

Dr. John Aikin (1747-1822): The author of many scientific and literary works. This selection is from "Evenings at Home," a volume of stories for children written by Dr. Aikin and his sister, Mrs. Barbauld. A hundred years ago, there were few books written especially for young people, except grammars, histories, and other text-books, and this volume of instructive stories was very popular.

1. One winter evening Captain Compass was sitting by the fireside with his children around him.

"Oh, papa," said little Jack, "do tell a story about

what you have seen in your voyages. We have been reading some wonderful tales of adventure. As you have sailed round and round the world, you must have seen many strange things."

2. "That I have, my son," said Captain Compass, "and, if it will interest you, I will tell you some of the curious things I have seen.

3. "Once about this time of the year I was in a country where it was very cold. To keep warm, the people had garments made from an animal's outer covering which they stripped off his back while he was yet alive. They also wore skins of beasts, these skins being made smooth and soft in some way.

4. "Their homes were made of stones, of earth hardened in the fire, or of the stalks of a large plant which grew in that country. In the walls were holes to let in the light; but to keep out the rain and the cold air these holes were covered with a sort of transparent stone, made of melted sand.

5. "They kept their homes warm by means of a queer kind of rock which they had discovered in the earth. This rock, when broken, burned and gave out great heat."

6. "Dear me!" said Jack, "what wonderful rock! I suppose it was somewhat like flints that give out sparks when we knock them together."

"I don't think the flints would burn," said the Captain; "besides, this was of a darker color.

7. "The food, too, of these people was strange. They ate the flesh of certain animals, roots of plants, and cakes made of powdered seeds. They often put on these cakes a greasy matter which was the product of a large animal.

"They ate, also, the leaves and other parts of a number of plants, some quite raw, others prepared in different ways by the aid of fire.

8. "For drink they liked water in which certain dry leaves had been steeped. I was told that these leaves came from a great distance.

"What astonished me most was the use of a drink so hot that it seemed like liquid fire. I once got a mouthful of it by mistake, taking it for water, and it almost took away my breath. Indeed, people are often killed by it; yet many of them are so foolish that they will give for it anything they have.

9. "In warmer weather these people wore cloth made from a sort of vegetable wool growing in pods upon bushes. Sometimes they covered themselves with a fine glossy stuff, which I was told was made out of the webs of worms. Think of the great number of worms required to make so large a quantity of stuff as I saw used!

"The women especially wore very queer things. Like most Indian nations, they wore feathers in their headdress.

10. "I was also much surprised to see that they

brought up in their houses an animal of the tiger kind, with sharp teeth and claws. In spite of its natural fierceness this animal was played with and caressed by timid women and children."

11. "I am sure I would not play with it," said Jack.

"Why, you might get an ugly scratch if you did," said the Captain. "The speech of these people seems very harsh to a stranger, yet they talk to one another with great ease and quickness.

12. "One of their oddest customs is the way that the men have of greeting the women. Let the weather be what it will, they uncover their heads. If they wish to seem very respectful, they stay uncovered for some time."

13. "Why, that is like pulling off our hats," said Jack.

"Ah, ah, papa!" cried Elizabeth, "I have found you out. All this while you have been telling us about our own country and what is done at home."

14. "But," said Jack, "we don't burn rock, nor eat grease and powdered seeds, nor wear skins and worms' webs, nor play with tigers."

15. "What is coal but rock?" asked the Captain, "and is not butter grease; and corn, seeds; and leather, skins; and silk, the web of a kind of worm? And may we not as well call a cat an animal of the tiger kind, as a tiger an animal of the cat kind?"

16. "If you remember what I have said, you will find with your sister's help that all the other wonderful things I have told you about are ones we know quite well.

"I meant to show you that to a stranger our common things might seem very wonderful. I also wanted to show you that every day we call a great many things by their names without ever thinking about their nature; so it is really only their names and not the things themselves that we know."

Träns pärent : that can be seen through. **Glösaŷ** : smooth and shining. **Rêquired** : needed.

We wear clothes made from sheep's ———.

Our shoes are made of the skin of beasts, made smooth and soft ; this is called ———.

Some houses are built of ———, which are made of earth hardened in the fire.

——— are holes to let in light and air.

In these holes is put ———, which is made of melted sand.

——— is a rock which burns.

We eat ———, ———, and ———, which are the flesh of animals.

We eat cakes made of the powdered seeds of ——— and ———.

We also use for food ———, ———, and ———, which are the roots of plants.

The leaves of ——— are cooked and eaten.

——— grows in pods upon bushes, and is used for making clothes.

——— is a glossy fabric made out of the webs of worms.

Ants

1. How often you have seen ants running about the lawn, but have you ever stopped to watch them and to study their habits? Let me tell you some facts which have been learned about them. I am sure they will give you a new interest in these wise little creatures.

2. It may seem to you that ants run to and fro in an aimless way; but this is not the case, for they have work to do, and they are doing it with all their might. They cannot see far before them, and it is by means of their feelers, or perhaps by scent, that they find their way.

3. You must remember that small weeds are to them like huge trees, so we must look upon them as travelers following a track through great forests. You will see, too, that ants stop from time to time to rest and to clean off the particles of earth which cling to them.

4. Ants, like bees, do not enjoy living alone. In their homes, which we call ant-hills, many thousands of them live together. These homes are like great cities; indeed, such places as London and New York are the only human cities which compare with them in size. There is never any disorder in these great homes, although each ant is free to build, fight, hunt, or go where it pleases.

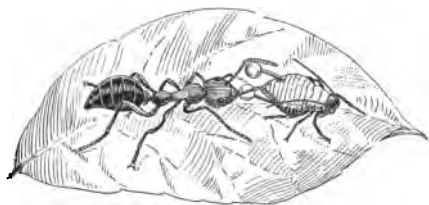
5. If the top of an ant-hill be taken off, there will

be found nurseries, chambers, halls, and kitchens—all snug and waterproof.

6. In some countries ants build their houses above ground and tunnel out great cellars under them. But most of the ants we know make their homes in the earth, where they can keep warmer than in nests above ground.

7. Some ants tunnel out a home in the ground and make a little hillock of earth around the top. At night they close the entrances with leaves, bits of straw, and tiny twigs. If you watch their nests in the morning you see the busy little ants open their doors and hurry out.

8. Some hunt insects for food ; some gather honey from flowers ; others milk their cows. These cows are plant lice, which yield a sweet juice of which ants are very fond. So ants keep herds of these little insects. They keep also beetles and other insects as pets, or for use.



An ant and its cow

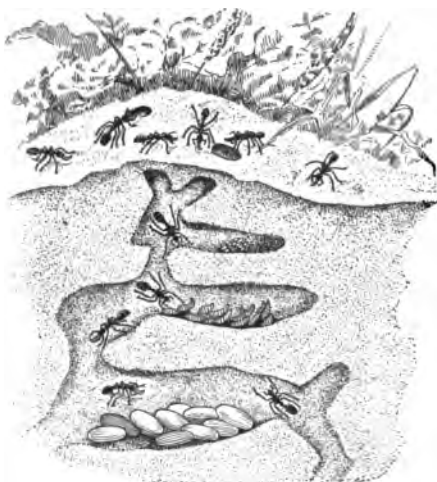
9. While some of the ants are getting food, those at home are busy clearing out the galleries and doing other work. The well-fed ants return to the nests and share their food with the workers. One of the ant laws is that each must help others for the good of all.

10. Deep down in the bottom of the nest lives the queen ant, the mother of the family, who is very much larger than the others. She does not take care of her little ones. This is done by ant nurses, who pick up the tiny eggs and care for them. In the morning the eggs are carried up to the higher chambers, which are warmed by the sun. In the evening they are taken back to the lower rooms away from the chill air.

11. The eggs hatch into grubs, which look like little grains of rice. These are the ant-babies. The

careful nurses feed them, keep them warm and clean, and carry them from one room to another, for babies, you know, must be kept comfortable. Think how busy the nurses must be with hundreds and thousands of babies to care for!

12. Some ants keep slaves. Regular bands of soldiers go out and



An ant's nest

bring home the grubs of another kind of ant. When these grow up they help their masters work. Sometimes the masters depend so much on their

slaves that they will not build nests, care for their young, nor even feed themselves. They become so helpless that they die if their slaves are taken from them.

13. Sometimes two ants will fight together until both are killed. Sometimes armies of ants fight together fiercely until one or the other party comes off victor.

14. In cold countries ants sleep through the winter deep down in their lower rooms. In warmer countries they lay up stores in summer for the chilly days when it would be hard for them to find food in the meadows and fields.

15. In Texas there are ants which clear spaces ten or twelve feet around their nests, only leaving the needle grass or "ant rice," which they use for food.

16. Among other interesting species of ants are the leaf-cutting ant, found in Central America, and the honey ant of Mexico.



Leaf-cutting ants

Hil'lock: a small mound. **Spe'cies:** kinds.

Write sentences telling five things you have learned about ants from this story.

Can you tell anything not mentioned above which you have learned in observing ants ?



The Four Sunbeams

1. Four little sunbeams came earthward one day,
All shining and dancing along on their way,
Resolved that their course should be blest.
"Let us try," they all whispered, "some kindness to do,
Not seek our own happiness all the day through,
Then meet in the eve at the west."
2. One sunbeam ran in at a low cottage door,
And played "hide and seek" with a child on the floor,
Till baby laughed loud in his glee,
And chased in delight his strange playmate so bright,
The little hands grasping in vain for the light
That ever before them would flee.

3. One crept to the couch where an invalid lay,
And brought him a dream of the sweet summer
day,
Its bird-song and beauty and bloom;
Till pain was forgotten and weary unrest,
And in fancy he roamed through the scenes he
loved best,
Far away from the dim, darkened room.
4. One stole to the heart of a flower that was sad,
And loved and caressed her until she was glad,
And lifted her white face again;
For love brings content to the lowliest lot,
And finds something sweet in the dreariest spot,
And lightens all labor and pain.
5. And one, where a little blind girl sat alone,
Not sharing the mirth of her playfellows, shone
On hands that were folded and pale,
And kissed the poor eyes that had never known
sight,
That never would gaze on the beautiful light,
Till angels had lifted the veil.
6. At last, when the shadows of evening were falling,
And the sun, their great father, his children was
calling,
Four sunbeams passed into the west.

All said: "We have found that, in seeking the
pleasure

Of others, we fill to the full our own measure."

Then softly they sank to their rest.

Glêe: joy; mirth. **Flêe**: run away. **În'vâ lid**: one who is weak from illness. **Rôamed**: wandered; went from place to place. **Drêar'î est**: most comfortless and sorrowful.

Kind words cost nothing, but are worth much.

Sifting Boys

1. Not long ago I was looking over one of the great saw-mills on the Mississippi River, in company with the manager of the mill. As we came to one room, he said: "I want you to notice the boys in this room, and I will tell you about them afterwards."

2. There were some half-dozen boys at work on saws, with different machines—some broadening the points of the teeth, some sharpening them, some deepening the notches between them. There was one lad who stood leaning up against a bench, not trying to do anything.

3. After we had passed out of the room, the manager said: "That room is my sieve. The fine boys

go through that sieve to higher places and higher pay. The coarse boys remain in the sieve and are thrown out as of no use for this mill."

4. Then he explained what he meant. "If a boy wants to work in the mill, I give him the job of keeping the men in all parts of the mill supplied with drinking-water. That is the lowest position and draws the lowest pay. I say to that boy: 'When you have nothing else to do, go into this room, and then I shall know where to find you when I want you.'

5. "But there is a much more important reason why I send him into this room. In a business like this our men are constantly changing. A good deal of the work, as you will see by watching the machines and those who manage them, requires much attention and skill. I must, therefore, look out for the best men to put into the highest positions.

6. "Now, I put the water-boy into this room, where there are several kinds of work being done. There are pieces of broken saws lying about, and some of the tools that are used in sharpening and mending them.

7. "I watch that boy. If he begins handling the broken saws, looking them over, trying them, practicing on them with the tools there, watching the other boys at their machines, asking questions about how the work is done, and always making use of



Boys in the sieve

his spare time in one way or another, why, that boy is very soon promoted.

8. "He is first put to work on some of the machines in this room, and afterwards on those that require greater skill, and is pushed ahead as rapidly as there are openings for him. He soon goes to a better position and better pay, and I get a new water-boy. He has gone through the sieve.

9. "But there is another kind of boy. When he has time to spare, he spends it in doing nothing. He leans up against the benches, crosses one leg over
 other, whistles, stares out of the window, no
 wishing he was outside, and watches the clock

to see how soon he can get away. If he talks with the other boys, it is not to ask questions about their work, but to waste their time with some nonsense or other.

10. "I often do all I can to help such a boy. I push the tools under his very nose. I ask him questions about them. I talk with him about his plans for the future. I do all that I can to awaken some kind of life in him. If the boy has any energy in him, well and good; if he has not, he is simply useless. I don't want such a boy in this mill even as a water-boy."

Prô môt'ed: advanced; raised in rank. **Ėn'ēr gý**: force and resolution; power for work.

There is no one else who has the power to be so much your friend or so much your enemy as yourself.

Duty

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
 So near is God to man,
 When Duty whispers low, "Thou must,"
 The youth replies, "I can."

The Fountain

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL



James Russell Lowell

James Russell Lowell (1819-1891): An American author. Among his best known poems are "The Vision of Sir Launfal," "A Fable for Critics," and "The Biglow Papers," "My Study Windows" and "Among My Books" are the best of his prose works. He was Minister to Spain and afterwards to Great Britain, and the volume "Democracy" contains some of his most brilliant addresses.

1. Into the sunshine,
Full of the light,
Leaping and flashing
From morn till night;
2. Into the moonlight,
Whiter than snow,
Waving so flower-like
When the winds blow;
3. Into the starlight,
Rushing in spray,

Happy at midnight,
Happy by day ;

4. Ever in motion,
Blithesome and cheery,
Still climbing heavenward
Never aweary ;
5. Glad of all weathers,
Still seeming best,
Upward or downward
Motion thy rest ;
6. Full of a nature
Nothing can tame,
Changed every moment,
Ever the same ;
7. Ceaseless aspiring,
Ceaseless content,
Darkness or sunshine
Thy element ;
8. Glorious fountain !
Let my heart be
Fresh, changeful, constant,
Upward, like thee !

Sprāy: water falling in very small drops. **Blithe-**
sōme: gay ; cheerful. **Ā wēa'ry**: tired. **Ās pir'ing**: rising
upward.

Select ten words which tell what the fountain does.

Lewis Carroll

1. Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, an English author, better known by his pen name, Lewis Carroll, was born January 27, 1832. His father was a clergyman, and the home of Charles's boyhood was in the country, some distance from the little village of Daresbury. The neighborhood was so secluded that even the passing of a cart was an interesting event, but we may fancy that the home itself was not a quiet one, since there were in it eleven boys and girls.

2. Charles was a bright, merry boy who invented games for the entertainment of his brothers and sisters, and made pets of snails, toads, and other queer animals. As a boy he seems to have lived in the "Wonderland" which later he described for other children. He enjoyed climbing trees, also, and other boyish sports.

3. When Charles was eleven years old the family moved to a Yorkshire village, and a year later he was sent from home to school. Fond as he was of play, he was fond of study, too, and his schoolmaster found him a "gentle, intelligent, well-conducted boy." After three years at Rugby, the most famous of the English preparatory schools, Charles Dodgson went to Oxford University. At Christ Church, Oxford, as student, tutor, and lecturer, the mainder of his life was spent. The routine of his

days was very simple and regular. He spent the mornings in his lecture room, the afternoons in the country or on the river, and the evenings with his books, either reading or preparing for the next day's work.

4. He was very fond of children and was a great favorite with them, inventing puzzles, games, and stories for their amusement. One July afternoon in 1862, he took three little girls on a boating excursion, and on the way he entertained them with a wonderful story about the adventures of a little girl named Alice. At the entreaty of his child friends, Mr. Dodgson afterwards wrote out this story. It was published with the title, "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," under the pen name of Lewis Carroll. It became at once a child-classic, being widely read in England and America, and translated into French, German, Italian, and other languages.

5. Mr. Dodgson wrote several other popular books for children, the best known of which are "Through the Looking-glass," a continuation of Alice's Adventures; "Sylvie and Bruno;" and "The Hunting of the Snark." Besides these stories, he wrote several learned works on mathematics. It was hard for people to realize that Charles Dodgson, the mathematician, and Lewis Carroll, the author of the charming fairy tales, were one and the same person.

6. After a short illness, Mr. Dodgson died January 14, 1898. "The world will think of Lewis Carroll as one who opened out a new vein in literature—a new and delightful vein—which added at once mirth and refinement to life."

Sê clud'ed: apart from others; lonely. **Ën tēr tain'ment**: amusement. **Rou tine'**: regular course of action.

What Alice Said to the Kitten

BY LEWIS CARROLL

I

1. One thing was certain, that the *white* kitten had had nothing to do with it; it was the black kitten's fault entirely. For the white kitten had been having its face washed by the old cat for the last quarter of an hour, and bearing it pretty well, considering; so you see that it *couldn't* have had any hand in the mischief.

2. The way Dinah washed her children's faces was this: First, she held the poor thing down by its ear with one paw, and then with the other paw she rubbed its face all over the wrong way, beginning at the nose. Just now, as I said, she was hard at work on the white kitten, which was lying quite still and trying to pur—no doubt feeling that it was all meant for its good.

3. But the black kitten had been finished with earlier in the afternoon, and so, while Alice was



From the painting by Angelica Kaufmann

Friends now, Pussy

sitting curled up in a corner of the great armchair, half talking to herself and half asleep, the kitten had been having a grand game of romps with the ball of worsted Alice had been trying to wind up, and had been rolling it up and down till it had all come undone again. There it was, spread over the hearthrug, all knots and tangles, with the kitten running after its own tail in the middle.

4. "Oh, you wicked, wicked little thing!" cried Alice, catching up the kitten and giving it a little kiss to make it understand that it was in disgrace. "Really, Dinah ought to have taught you better manners! You *ought*, Dinah; you know you ought!" she added, looking reproachfully at the old cat and speaking in as cross a voice as she could manage. Then she scrambled back into the armchair, taking the kitten and the worsted with her, and began winding up the ball again.

5. But she didn't get on very fast, as she was talking all the time, sometimes to the kitten, and sometimes to herself. Kitty sat very demurely on her knee, pretending to watch the progress of the winding, and now and then putting out one paw and gently touching the ball, as if it would be glad to help if it might.

6. "Do you know what to-morrow is, Kitty?" Alice began. "You'd have guessed if you'd been in the window with me—only Dinah was

making you tidy, so you couldn't. I was watching the boys getting in sticks for the bonfire,—and it wants plenty of sticks, Kitty! Only it got so cold and it snowed so they had to leave off. Never mind, Kitty; we'll go and see the bonfire to-morrow."

7. Here Alice wound two or three turns of the worsted round the kitten's neck, just to see how it would look. This led to a scramble, in which the ball rolled down upon the floor and yards and yards of it got unwound again.

II

8. "Do you know, I was so angry, Kitty," Alice went on as soon as they were comfortably settled again, "when I saw all the mischief you had been doing, I was very near opening the window and putting you out into the snow! And you'd have deserved it, you little mischievous darling! What have you got to say for yourself?"

9. "Now, don't interrupt me!" she went on, holding up one finger; "I'm going to tell you all your faults. Number one: You squeaked twice while Dinah was washing your face this morning. Now, you can't deny it, Kitty; I heard you! What's that you say?"—pretending that the kitten was speaking—"Her paw went into your eye? Well, that's *your* fault for keeping your eyes open. If you'd shut them tight up it wouldn't have happened.

10. "Now, don't make any more excuses, but listen. Number two: You pulled Snowdrop away by the tail just as I had put down the saucer of milk before her! What! you were thirsty, were you? How do you know she wasn't thirsty, too? Now for number three: You unwound every bit of the worsted while I wasn't looking.

11. "That's three faults, Kitty, and you've not been punished for any of them yet. You know I am saving up all your punishments for Wednesday week. Suppose they had saved up all *my* punishments," she went on, talking more to herself than to the kitten, "what *would* they do at the end of a year? I should be sent to prison, I suppose, when the day came.

12. "Or—let me see—suppose each punishment was to be going without a dinner? Then, when the miserable day came, I should have to go without fifty dinners at once. Well, I shouldn't mind *that* much. I'd far rather go without them than eat them.

13. "Do you hear the snow against the window panes, Kitty? How nice and soft it sounds! Just as if some one was kissing the window all over outside. I wonder if the snow *loves* the trees and fields that it kisses them so gently? And then it covers them up snug, you know, with a white quilt; and perhaps it says, 'Go to sleep, darlings, till the summer comes again.'

14. "And when they wake up in the summer, Kitty, they dress themselves all in green and dance about whenever the wind blows—oh, that's very pretty!" cried Alice, dropping the ball of worsted to clap her hands. "And I do so *wish* it were true."

Rê prôach'ful lŷ: chidingly. **Dê mûre'lŷ:** soberly. **Mis-chiê voûs:** doing harm in play.

Round, square, broad, yellow, silver, sweet, gold, narrow, sour, brown, crooked, stony.

Place together the words which show (1) form ; (2) taste ; (3) color ; (4) material.

Use each of the words in a sentence telling something which always has the quality named : as, a ball is round.

The Kitten and the Falling Leaves

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH



William Wordsworth

William Wordsworth (1770–1850) : An English poet. He found poetry in the simplest scenes and incidents of everyday life, and helped others to see the beauty of nature, to reverence God, and to sympathize with even the lowliest of their fellow-men. "Intimations of Immortality," "Laodamia," "The Excursion," and "The Prelude" are among the best of his longer poems.



Sporting with the leaves that fall

That way look, my infant, lo !
 What a pretty baby show !
 See the kitten on the wall,
 Sporting with the leaves that fall,
 Withered leaves—one, two, and three—
 From the lofty elder tree !
 Through the calm and frosty air
 Of this morning bright and fair,
 Eddying round and round they sink
 Softly, slowly : one might think,
 From the motions that are made,
 Every little leaf conveyed
 Sylph or fairy hither tending,
 To this lower world descending,

Each invisible and mute,
 In his wavering parachute.
 But the kitten, how she starts,
 Crouches, stretches, paws, and darts!
 First at one, and then its fellow,
 Just as light and just as yellow;
 There are many now—now one—
 Now they stop and there are none:
 What intenseness of desire
 In her upward eye of fire!
 With a tiger-leap, half-way
 Now she meets the coming prey,
 Lets it go as fast, and then
 Has it in her power again:
 Now she works with three or four,
 Like an Indian conjurer;
 Quick as he in feats of art,
 Far beyond in joy of heart.

Ėd'dy ing: moving in a circle. **Côn veyed'**: carried.
Sylph: a fairy. **Pär'à çhũte**: a sort of umbrella by means
 of which descent is made from a balloon. **Côn'jũr ěr**: ma-
 gician. **Fěats**: tricks.

The Snow-Image

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Nathaniel Hawthorne (1804–1864): An American novelist.
 His best works are "The Scarlet Letter," "The House of the
 Seven Gables," and "The Marble Faun." Hawthorne wrote

also several delightful books for children ; among these are "Grandfather's Chair," a collection of stories from New England history, "Biographical Stories," "The Wonder Book," and "Tanglewood Tales"—the two latter being volumes of stories from Greek mythology.

I

1. One afternoon of a cold winter's day, when the sun shone forth with chilly brightness, after a long storm, two children asked leave of their mother to run out and play in the new-fallen snow.

2. The elder child was a little girl, whom, because she was of a tender and modest disposition, and was thought to be very beautiful, her parents, and other people, who were familiar with her, used to call Violet.



Forth sallied the two children.

3. But her brother was known by the title of Peony, on account of the ruddiness of his broad and round little phiz, which made everybody think

of sunshine and great scarlet flowers.

"Yes, Violet—yes, my little Peony," said their kind mother ; "you may go out and play in the new snow."

4. Forth sallied the two children, with a hop-skip-and-jump that carried them at once into the very

heart of a huge snowdrift, whence Violet emerged like a snow bunting, while little Peony floundered out with his round face in full bloom.

5. Then what a merry time had they! To look at them frolicking in the wintry garden, you would have thought that the dark and pitiless storm had been sent for no other purpose but to provide a new plaything for Violet and Peony; and that they themselves had been created, as the snowbirds were, to take delight only in the tempest and in the white mantle which it spread over the earth.

6. At last, when they had frosted one another all over with handfuls of snow, Violet, after laughing heartily at little Peony's figure, was struck with a new idea.

"You look exactly like a snow-image, Peony," said she, "if your cheeks were not so red. And that puts me in mind! Let us make an image out of snow—an image of a little girl—and it shall be our sister and shall run about and play with us all winter long. Won't it be nice?"

7. "Oh, yes!" cried Peony, as plainly as he could speak, for he was but a little boy. "That will be nice! And mamma shall see it!"

"Yes," answered Violet; "mamma shall see the new little girl. But she must not make her come into the warm parlor, for, you know, our little snow-sister will not love the warmth."

8. And forthwith the children began this great business of making a snow-image that should run about ; while their mother, who was sitting at the window and overheard some of their talk, could not help smiling at the gravity with which they set about it. They really seemed to imagine that there would be no difficulty whatever in creating a live little girl out of the snow.

9. Indeed, it was an exceedingly pleasant sight—those bright little souls at their tasks ! Moreover, it was really wonderful to observe how knowingly and skillfully they managed the matter. Violet assumed the chief direction and told Peony what to do, while, with her own delicate fingers, she shaped out all the nicer parts of the snow-figure.

10. It seemed, in fact, not so much to be made by the children, as to grow up under their hands, while they were playing and prattling about it. Their mother was quite surprised at this ; and the longer she looked, the more and more surprised she grew.

II

11. Now, for a few moments, there was a busy and earnest but indistinct hum of the two children's voices, as Violet and Peony wrought together with one happy consent. Violet still seemed to be the guiding spirit ; while Peony acted rather as a laborer and brought her the snow from far and

near. And yet the little urchin evidently had a proper understanding of the matter.

12. "Peony, Peony!" cried Violet; for her brother was at the other side of the garden. "Bring me those light wreaths of snow that have rested on the lower branches of the pear tree. You can clamber on the snow-drift, Peony, and reach them easily. I must have them to make some ringlets for our snow-sister's head!"

13. "Here they are, Violet!" answered the little boy. "Take care you do not break them. Well done! Well done! How pretty!"



Violet and Peony wrought together.

"Does she not look sweet?" said Violet, with a very satisfied tone; "and now we must have some little shining bits of ice to make the brightness of her eyes. She is not finished yet. Mamma will see how very beautiful she is; but papa will say, 'Tush! nonsense!—come in out of the cold!'"

14. "Let us call mamma to look out," said Peony; and then he shouted, "Mamma! mamma!! mam-

ma !!! Look out and see what a nice 'tittle girl we are making !”

15. “What a nice playmate she will be for us all winter long !” said Violet. “I hope papa will not be afraid of her giving us a cold ! Shan’t you love her dearly, Peony ?”

“Oh, yes !” cried Peony. “And I will hug her and she shall sit down close by me and drink some of my warm milk.”

16. “Oh, no, Peony !” answered Violet, with grave wisdom. “That will not do at all. Warm milk will not be wholesome for our little snow-sister. Little snow-people, like her, eat nothing but icicles. No, no, Peony ; we must not give her anything warm to drink !”

17. There was a minute or two of silence ; for Peony, whose short legs were never weary, had gone again to the other side of the garden. All of a sudden, Violet cried out, loudly and joyfully :

18. “Look here, Peony ! Come quickly ! A light has been shining on her cheek out of that rose-colored cloud ! And the color does not go away ! Is not that beautiful ?”

“Yes, it is beau-ti-ful,” answered Peony, pronouncing the three syllables with deliberate accuracy. “O Violet, only look at her hair ! It is all like gold !”

19. “Oh, certainly,” said Violet, as if it were very

much a matter of course. "That color, you know, comes from the golden clouds that we see up there in the sky. She is almost finished now. But her lips must be made very red—redder than her cheeks. Perhaps, Peony, it will make them red if we both kiss them!"

20. Accordingly, the mother heard two smart little smacks, as if both her children were kissing the snow-image on its frozen mouth. But as this did not seem to make the lips quite red enough, Violet next proposed that the snow-child should be invited to kiss Peony's scarlet cheek.



"Kiss me!" cried Peony.

21. "Come, 'ittle snow-sister, kiss 'me!" cried Peony.

"There! she has kissed you," added Violet, "and now her lips are very red. And she blushed a little, too!"

"Oh, what a cold kiss!" cried Peony.

22. Just then there came a breeze of the pure west wind sweeping through the garden and rattling the parlor windows. It sounded so wintry cold that the mother was about to tap on the window pane with her thimbled finger to summon the two chil-

dren in, when they both cried out to her with one voice :

23. "Mamma ! mamma ! We have finished our little snow-sister, and she is running about the garden with us !"

24. "What imaginative little beings my children are !" thought the mother, putting the last few stitches into Peony's frock. "And it is strange, too, that they make me almost as much a child as they themselves are ! I can hardly help believing now that the snow-image has really come to life !"

"Dear mamma !" cried Violet, "pray look out and see what a sweet playmate we have !"

III

25. The mother, being thus entreated, could no longer delay to look forth from the window. The sun was now gone out of the sky, leaving, however, a rich inheritance of his brightness among those purple and golden clouds which make the sunsets of winter so magnificent.

26. But there was not the slightest gleam or dazzle, either on the window or on the snow ; so that the good lady could look all over the garden and see everything and everybody in it. And what do you think she saw there ? Violet and Peony, of course, her own two darling children.

27. Ah, but whom or what did she see besides ?

Why, if you will believe me, there was a small figure of a girl, dressed all in white, with rose-tinged cheeks and ringlets of golden hue, playing about the garden with the two children!

28. A stranger though she was, the child seemed to be on as familiar terms with Violet and Peony, and they with her, as if all the three had been playmates during the whole of their little lives. The mother thought to herself that it must certainly be the daughter of one of the neighbors, and that, seeing Violet and Peony in the garden, the child had run across the street to play with them.

29. So this kind lady went to the door, intending to invite the little runaway into her comfortable parlor; for, now that the sunshine was withdrawn, the atmosphere out of doors was already growing very cold.

30. But, after opening the house door, she stood an instant on the threshold, hesitating whether she ought to ask the child to come in, or whether she should even speak to her. Indeed, she almost doubted whether it were a real child after all, or only a light wreath of the new-fallen snow, blown hither and thither about the garden by the intensely cold west wind.

31. There was certainly something very singular in the aspect of the little stranger. Among all the children of the neighborhood the lady could remem-

ber no such face, with its pure white and delicate rose-color, and the golden ringlets tossing about the forehead and cheeks.

32. And as for her dress, which was entirely of white, and fluttering in the breeze, it was such as no reasonable woman would put upon a little girl when sending her out to play in the depth of winter. It made this kind and careful mother shiver only to look at those small feet, with nothing in the world on them except a very thin pair of white slippers.

33. Nevertheless, airily as she was clad, the child seemed to feel not the slightest inconvenience from the cold, but danced so lightly over the snow that the tips of her toes left hardly a print in its surface; while Violet could but just keep pace with her, and Peony's short legs compelled him to lag behind.

34. All this while, the mother stood on the threshold, wondering how a little girl could look so much like a flying snowdrift, or how a snowdrift could look so very like a little girl.

She called Violet and whispered to her.

"Violet, my darling, what is this child's name?" asked she. "Does she live near us?"

35. "Why, dearest mamma," answered Violet, laughing to think that her mother did not comprehend so very plain an affair, "this is our little snow-whom we have just been making!"

"Yes, dear mamma," cried Peony, running to his mother and looking up simply into her face. "This is our snow-image! Is it not a nice 'ittle child?"

36. "Violet," said her mother, greatly perplexed, "tell me the truth without any jest. Who is this little girl?"

"My darling mamma," answered Violet, looking seriously into her mother's face, surprised that she should need any further explanation, "I have told you truly who she is. It is our little snow-image which Peony and I have been making. Peony will tell you so, as well as I."

37. "Yes, mamma," asseverated Peony, with much gravity in his crimson little phiz; "this is 'ittle snow-child. Is not she a nice one? But, mamma, her hand is, oh, so very cold!"

IV

38. While mamma still hesitated what to think and what to do, the street gate was thrown open and the father of Violet and Peony appeared, wrapped in a pilot-cloth sack, with a fur cap drawn down over his ears, and the thickest of gloves upon his hands.

39. Mr. Lindsey was a middle-aged man, with a weary and yet a happy look in his wind-flushed and frost-pinched face, as if he had been busy all the day long and was glad to get back to his quiet

home. His eyes brightened at the sight of his wife and children, although he could not help uttering a word or two of surprise at finding the whole family in the open air on so bleak a day, and after sunset, too.

40. He soon perceived the little white stranger, sporting to and fro in the garden like a dancing snow-wreath, and the flock of snowbirds fluttering about her head.

"Pray, what little girl may that be?" inquired this very sensible man. "Surely her mother must be crazy to let her go out in such bitter weather as it has been to-day, with only that flimsy white gown and those thin slippers!"

41. "My dear husband," said his wife, "I know no more about the little thing than you do. Some neighbor's child, I suppose. Our Violet and Peony," she added, laughing at herself for repeating so absurd a story, "insist that she is nothing but a snow-image which they have been busy about in the garden almost all the afternoon."

42. As she said this, the mother glanced her eyes toward the spot where the children's snow-image had been made. What was her surprise on perceiving that there was not the slightest trace of so much labor!—no image at all!—no piled-up heap of snow!—nothing whatever save the prints of little footsteps around a vacant space!

43. "This is very strange!" said she.

"What is strange, dear mother?" asked Violet. "Dear father, do not you see how it is? This is our snow-image, which Peony and I have made because we wanted another playmate. Did not we, Peony?"

"Yes, papa," said crimson Peony. "This be our 'ittle snow-sister. Is she not beau-ti-ful? But she gave me such a cold kiss!"

44. "Poh, nonsense, children!" cried their good, honest father, who had an exceedingly common-sensible way of looking at matters. "Do not tell me of making live figures out of snow. Come, wife; this little stranger must not stay out in the bleak air a moment longer. We will bring her into the parlor; and you shall give her a supper of warm bread and milk, and make her as comfortable as you can."

45. So saying, this honest and very kind-hearted man was going toward the little white damsel, with the best intentions in the world. But Violet and Peony, each seizing their father by the hand, earnestly besought him not to make her come in.

46. "Nonsense, children, nonsense, nonsense!" cried the father, half-vexed, half-laughing. "Run into the house, this moment! It is too late to play any longer, now. I must take care of this little girl immediately, or she will catch her death-a-cold!"

And so, with a most benevolent smile, this very

well-meaning gentleman took the snow-child by the hand and led her toward the house.



He took the snow-child by the hand.

47. She followed him, droopingly and reluctant, for all the glow and sparkle were gone out of her figure; and whereas just before she had resembled a bright, frosty, star-gemmed evening, with a crimson gleam on the cold horizon, she now

looked as dull and languid as a thaw.

48. As kind Mr. Lindsey led her up the steps of the door, Violet and Peony looked into his face, their eyes full of tears, which froze before they could run down their cheeks, and entreated him not to bring their snow-image into the house.

49. "Not bring her in!" exclaimed the kind-hearted man. "Why, you are crazy, my little Violet—quite crazy, my small Peony! She is so cold already that her hand has almost frozen mine, in spite of my thick gloves. Would you have her freeze to death?"

V

50. His wife, as he came up the steps, had been taking another long, earnest gaze at the little white

stranger. She hardly knew whether it was a dream or no; but she could not help fancying that she saw the delicate print of Violet's fingers on the child's neck. It looked just as if, while Violet was shaping out the image, she had given it a gentle pat with her hand, and had neglected to smooth the impression quite away.

51. "After all, husband," said the mother, "after all, she does look strangely like a snow-image! I do believe she is made of snow!"

A puff of the west wind blew against the snow-child, and again she sparkled like a star.

52. "Snow!" repeated good Mr. Lindsey, drawing the reluctant guest over his hospitable threshold. "No wonder she looks like snow. She is half frozen, poor little thing! But a good fire will put everything to rights."

53. The common-sensible man placed the snow-child on the hearthrug, right in front of the hissing and fuming stove.

"Now she will be comfortable!" cried Mr. Lindsey, rubbing his hands and looking about him, with the pleasantest smile you ever saw. "Make yourself at home, my child."

54. Sad, sad and drooping looked the little white maiden as she stood on the hearthrug, with the hot blast of the stove striking through her like a pestilence. Once she threw a glance toward the

window, and caught a glimpse, through its red curtains, of the snow-covered roofs and the stars glimmering frostily, and all the delicious intensity of the cold night. The bleak wind rattled the window panes as if it were summoning her to come forth. But there stood the snow-child, drooping, before the hot stove!

55. But the common-sensible man saw nothing amiss.

"Come, wife," said he, "let her have a pair of thick stockings and a woolen shawl or blanket directly; and tell Dora to give her some warm supper as soon as the milk boils. You, Violet and Peony, amuse your little friend. She is out of spirits, you see, at finding herself in a strange place. For my part, I will go around among the neighbors and find out where she belongs."

56. The mother, meanwhile, had gone in search of the shawl and stockings. Without heeding the remonstrances of his two children, who still kept murmuring that their little snow-sister did not love the warmth, good Mr. Lindsey took his departure, shutting the parlor door carefully behind him.

57. Turning up the collar of his sack over his ears, he emerged from the house, and had barely reached the street-gate when he was recalled by the screams of Violet and Peony and the rapping of a thimble finger against the parlor window.

58. "Husband ! husband !" cried his wife, showing her horror-stricken face through the window panes. "There is no need of going for the child's parents !"

"We told you so, father !" screamed Violet and Peony, as he reëntered the parlor. "You would bring her in ; and now our poor—dear—beau-ti-ful little snow-sister is thawed !"

59. And their own sweet little faces were already dissolved in tears ; so that their father, seeing what strange things occasionally happen in this everyday world, felt not a little anxious lest his children might be going to thaw, too. In the utmost perplexity, he demanded an explanation of his wife.

60. She could only reply that, being summoned to the parlor by the cries of Violet and Peony, she found no trace of the little white maiden, unless it were the remains of a heap of snow which, while she was gazing at it, melted quite away upon the hearth-rug.

"And there you see all that is left of it !" added she, pointing to a pool of water in front of the stove.

61. "Yes, father," said Violet, looking reproachfully at him through her tears, "there is all that is left of our dear little snow-sister !"

"Naughty father !" cried Peony, stamping his foot, and—I shudder to say—shaking his little fist

at the common-sensible man. "We told you how it would be. What for did you bring her in?"

62. And the stove, through the isinglass of its door, seemed to glare at good Mr. Lindsey, like a red-eyed demon triumphing in the mischief which it had done!

I. **Rũd'dĩ nēs**: redness. **Phiz**: face. **Sāl'lied**: ran out. **Ê mērgēd'**: came out.

II. **Wrōught**: worked. **Ūrchīn**: a little boy. **Dē lib'ēr ātē**: slow and careful. **Āc'cū rā cŷ**: correctness. **Īm āg'ī nā tīve**: full of fancies.

III. **Īn hēr'it ançē**: possession. **At'mos phere**: air. **Thīth'ēr**: to this place. **Ās'pēct**: appearance; look. **Cōm pēllēd'**: forced; obliged. **Lāg**: go slowly. **Cōm prē hēnd'**: understand. **Ās sēv'ēr āt ēd**: said earnestly.

IV. **Pilot-cloth sack**: a coat made of coarse dark blue cloth, such as pilots wear. **Flim'fy**: thin. **Bē nēv'ō lent**: kind. **Rē lūc'tant**: unwilling.

V. **Pēs'til lençe**: the plague; a deadly disease. **Rē mōn'-stranç ēç**: objections. **Glāre**: stare; look fiercely.

Little, happy, rich, kind, strange, diligent, polite, strong, lifeless, lazy.

Name words having similar meaning: as, little, small.

Name words having opposite meaning: as, little, large.

Speak clearly if you speak at all;

Carve every word before you let it fall.

HOLMES

Little by Little

1. Low on the ground an acorn lies—
 Little by little it mounts to the skies,
 Shadow and shelter for wandering herds,
 Home for a hundred singing birds.
 Little by little the great rocks grew,
 Long, long ago, when the world was new;
 Slowly and silently, stately and free,
 Cities of coral under the sea
 Little by little are builded, while so
 The new years come and the old years go.

 Little by little all tasks are done;
 So are the crowns of the faithful won,
 So is heaven in our hearts begun.
 With work and with weeping, with laughter and
 play,
 Little by little the longest day
 And the longest life are passing away—
 Passing without return, while so
 The new years come and the old years go.

The House I Live In

I

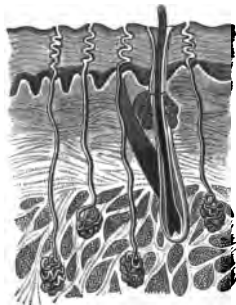
1. This wonderful body of mine is the house in which I live. This house has five gates, through which messages from the outside world can get to me. There is Eye Gate, Ear Gate, Nose Gate, Taste

Gate, and Touch Gate. All my knowledge of the things around me comes in through these five gates.

2. This house of mine has, in its lower story, a kitchen called the stomach. Here the food is cooked, or "digested," as we say, and prepared for being mixed with the blood. In the story above there is a great pump, the heart, which sends the blood through the house to keep it warm and in good repair.

Then, in the top story, or the head, is the room where the master or mistress of the house lives.

3. We should learn all we can about this house and what to do to keep it in good order. We should find out what is bad for it and what is good, that we may avoid the one and seek the other. Thus we may hope to grow up strong and healthy men and women. Good health will cheer us and make all our work easy and pleasant.



A section of skin

4. The first lesson on health that I have to learn is this: *I must keep my body clean.* Much of the dirt that gathers on the body comes, not from the outside, but from the inside of the body. The skin is full of little pores. These pores are the mouths of tiny pipes, or tubes, millions of which are found in the skin.

5. You can see them in this picture, which shows

a little bit of the skin, cut through from the inside to the outside and very much enlarged.

It is through these tubes that the body rids itself of many waste substances which would prove very harmful if retained. When their outlets become choked up with dirt, nothing can pass through them. You see, therefore, how necessary it is to keep the skin clean if we wish to have good health.

6. Once upon a time a great man was coming to visit a certain town. The people went out to meet him, clad in gay and curious dresses so as to do honor to their noble visitor. One little boy was covered all over with thin leaves of gold, so that he might look like a golden boy.

7. No doubt he looked very pretty, but he became ill and died before the gilding could be removed. All the pores of his skin were closed up by the gold, and it soon caused his death.

8. In Holland there is a village which is said to be the cleanest in the world. The houses, inside and outside, the streets, and everything about the place, are kept neat as a pin. Women wearing clumsy wooden shoes may be seen scrubbing the houses and pavements.

9. We should be like these Dutch people and keep our wonderful house, the body, clean. It is only by frequently washing the whole body that we can keep in good health.



The cleanest village in the world

Water and soap are all that are needed to keep the skin clean and ready for its work, and every one can get these.

II

10. The second health lesson I have to learn is this: *I must breathe fresh air*. If a man cannot get air to breathe, he will die. But that is not all: impure air is bad for him.

11. Why do we need to breathe at all?

Because the air contains a gas called oxygen, and a constant supply of this gas must be taken into the blood, or else we cannot remain in good health. When we breathe, the air passes down into the lungs and there meets with the blood.

12. And as the oxygen gas passes inwards, another gas, which has to be got rid of, passes outwards and is breathed out into the air. Thus the air we breathe out is different from the air we breathe in. It has lost the gas which is necessary for our life and health, and it contains a gas which is hurtful to us.

13. If I live in a room that does not get fresh air, the air in it will soon become close and bad, because every time I breathe I take some of the oxygen out of it and put injurious gas in its place.

14. If a small animal, such as a bird or a rabbit, is put under a glass bell so that no air can get in, it uses up all the oxygen. In a few minutes it becomes faint; it is unable to stand up, and unless it gets fresh air it will soon die.

15. You may have heard the story of the Black Hole of Calcutta. One hundred and forty-six English prisoners were shut up in a small cell. They could not get enough fresh air to breathe, and in the morning one hundred and twenty-three of them were found dead.

III

16. The third health lesson I have to learn is this : *I must take plenty of exercise.* To make the body strong we must use it. The parts that are most used become the strongest, and those used least will be the weakest.

17. The arms of the blacksmith are very strong



The king and the dervish

because he uses them so much. The boy who works and plays in the open air grows strong and healthy, but the boy who sits indoors and does not take exercise often grows up to be a weak and unhealthy man. It is best to take our exercise in the open air and the sunlight.

18. Games like baseball are good for boys. There are also plenty of pleasant outdoor games for girls. When no game can be played, a brisk walk in the open air is quite as good. Brisk walking is one of the easiest and best of exercises for both boys and girls.

19. But there are some things we should avoid in taking exercise. We should not work or

play too long without resting. We should not try to do things that are beyond our strength. When exercise is too violent, it does harm rather than good.

20. An eastern king, who had become pale and ill, asked a wise dervish what medicine he should take.

The dervish, knowing that it was exercise alone which the idle king needed, said: "I will bring you to-morrow a remedy which will cure your disease."

21. The next day the dervish appeared before the king.

"Here," said he, "is a ball which holds the medicine that will cure you. Take it into your garden every day and knock it about till you perspire freely. This will make the medicine take effect."

The king did as the dervish told him, and the exercise in the fresh air soon made him well.

Ball, door, sun, cold, church, odor, milk, bitterness, bell, town, nose, honesty, rose, industry, gold, red, heat, leather, mud, joy.

Tell which of these words name things that you can (1) see, (2) hear, (3) touch, (4) taste, (5) smell. Which name things of which you can only think?

Ill habits gather by unseen degrees,
As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas.

DRYDEN

Jefferson's Ten Rules

Thomas Jefferson (1743-1826) : An American statesman. He wrote the Declaration of Independence and was one of the able men at the head of the government of the United States in its early days. Jefferson was the originator of what is called the Democratic idea of government.

Never put off until to-morrow what you can do to-day.

Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.

Never spend your money before you have earned it.

Never buy what you don't want because it is cheap.

Pride costs more than hunger, thirst, and cold.

We seldom repent of having eaten too little.

Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.

How much pain the evils have cost us that have never happened.

Take things always by the smooth handle.

When angry, count ten before you speak ; if very angry, count a hundred.

Recollect that trifles make perfection, and that perfection is no trifle.

The Pet Lamb

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

1. The dew was falling fast, the stars began to blink ;
I heard a voice ; it said, "Drink, pretty creature, drink !"
And looking o'er the hedge, before me I espied
A snow-white mountain lamb, with a maiden
at its side.
2. Nor sheep nor kine were near ; the lamb was
all alone,
And by a slender cord was tethered to a stone ;
With one knee on the grass did the little
maiden kneel,
While to that mountain lamb she gave its
evening meal.
3. The lamb, while from her hand he thus his
supper took,
Seemed to feast with head and ears ; and his
tail with pleasure shook :
"Drink, pretty creature, drink !" she said in
such a tone
That I almost received her heart into my own.
4. 'Twas little Barbara Lewthwaite, a child of
beauty rare !
I watched them with delight, they were a
lovely pair.

Now with her empty can the maiden turned away ;
 But ere ten yards were gone, her footsteps did
 she stay.

5. Right towards the lamb she looked ; and from
 that shady place

I unobserved could see the workings of her face ;
 If nature to her tongue could measured num-
 bers bring,

Thus, thought I, to her lamb that little maid
 might sing :

6. " What ails thee, young one ? what ? Why pull
 so at thy cord ?

Is it not well with thee ? well both for bed
 and board ?

Thy plot of grass is soft, and green as grass
 can be ;

Rest, little young one, rest ; what is't that
 aileth thee ?

7. " What is it thou wouldst seek ? What is
 wanting to thy heart ?

Thy limbs are they not strong ? and beauti-
 ful thou art !

This grass is tender grass ; these flowers they
 have no peers ;

And that green corn all day is rustling in
 thy ears.

8. "If the sun be shining hot, do but stretch thy
woolen chain;
This beech is standing by, its covert thou
canst gain;
For rain and mountain storms!—the like thou
need'st not fear,
The rain and storm are things that scarcely
can come here.
9. "Rest, little young one, rest; thou hast forgot
the day
When my father found thee first in places
far away;
Many flocks were on the hills, but thou wert
owned by none,
And thy mother from thy side for evermore
was gone.
10. "He took thee in his arms, and in pity brought
thee home:
A blessed day for thee!—then whither wouldst
thou roam?
A faithful nurse thou hast; the dam that did
thee yearn
Upon the mountain-tops, no kinder could have
been.
11. "Thou know'st that twice a day I have brought
thee in this can
Fresh water from the brook, as clear as ever ran;

And twice in the day, when the ground is wet
with dew,

I bring thee draughts of milk, warm milk it
is and new.

12. "Thy limbs will shortly be twice as stout as
they are now,

Then I'll yoke thee to my cart like a pony in
the plow.

My playmate thou shalt be; and when the
wind is cold

Our hearth shall be thy bed, our house shall
be thy fold.

13. "It will not, will not rest!—Poor creature, can it be
That 'tis thy mother's heart which is working
so in thee?

Things that I know not of belike to thee are
dear,

And dreams of things which thou canst neither
see nor hear.

14. "Alas, the mountain-tops that look so green and
fair!

I've heard of fearful winds and darkness that
come there;

The little brooks that seem all pastime and
all play,

When they are angry, roar like lions for their
prey.

15. "Here thou need'st not dread the raven in the sky;
 Night and day thou art safe,—our cottage is hard by.
 Why bleat so after me? Why pull so at thy chain?
 Sleep—and at break of day I will come to thee again!"
-

Ės pied: saw. **Kine**: cows. **Tėth'ėred**: fastened by a rope for feeding within certain limits. "If nature to her tongue could measured numbers bring": if she could write verse. **Pėers**: equals. **Cov'ert**: shelter. "The dam that did thee yean": The mother that reared thee. **Bė likė**: perhaps.

The Story of Florinda

BY ABBY MORTON DIAZ

Mrs. Abby Morton Diaz (1821 —): An American author who married a Cuban gentleman. She has written many popular books for the young: among these are "The William Henry Letters," "William Henry and his Friends," "Polly Cologne," and "The Cat's Arabian Nights."

I

1. Nathaniel Bowen came over from England with his family in the bark "Jasper" more than two hundred years ago. The country was covered with woods then. Indians, buffaloes, deer, wolves, and foxes had it pretty much to themselves.

2. Mr. Bowen built a one-roomed hut in a clear-

ing in the woods. Its walls and ceiling were made of logs; there were square holes for windows, with wooden shutters inside. One of the windows had four small panes of glass brought from England; the others were covered with oiled paper. At one end of the room was a large stone chimney; at the other a ladder ran up into the loft above. The hut was furnished with a bed, a great chest, a spinning wheel, a bench or two, and a few chairs.

3. There was one house besides Mr. Bowen's in the valley, and only one, and that belonged to a man named Moore. It stood nearly an eighth of a mile off.

Four miles off, at the Point, there were some dozen or twenty houses, a store, and a mill. There was no road to the Point; there was only a blind pathway through the woods. Those woods reached hundreds and hundreds of miles.

4. When Mr. Bowen had lived in this country a little more than a year, his wife died, leaving three children—Philip, not quite eleven years old; Nathaniel, six; and Polly, three. To take care of these children and to keep his house, he hired a young girl named Florinda Le Shore, who had come over from England as a servant in some family. This Florinda was born in France, but she had spent the greater part of her life in England. She was only fifteen years old—rather young to take the care of a family.

5. Florinda went to Mr. Bowen's house some time in November. On the 29th of December, as Mr. Bowen and Mr. Moore were saddling their horses to go to the store for provisions, word came that they must set out immediately for a place about fifteen miles off, called Dermott's Crossing, to consult with other settlers as to what should be done to defend themselves against the Indians; for there were reports that in some neighborhoods the Indians were doing mischief.

6. So the two men turned their horses' heads in the direction of Dermott's Crossing. It was woods most of the way, but they knew the general direction of the bridle path and thought they should make good time and be back by noon of the next day.

7. Florinda baked corn meal into thin cakes, and put the cakes and some slices of bacon into the saddlebags along with corn for the horse. The men were to return by way of the store and bring provisions.

8. Two days and two nights passed, and they had neither come nor sent any message. By that time there was not much left to eat in either house.

Florinda and the children slept both nights at Mrs. Moore's. Mr. Bowen had said it would be better for them to sleep there.

9. He did not fear any actual danger (the Indians in this neighborhood had never been troublesome at all); still, in case anything should happen, Mrs.

Moore's house was much the safer of the two. It was built of heavy timbers, and its doors were of oak, studded with spikes.

10. The Indians never attacked a strong house like that, especially if it were guarded by a white man with firearms.

Mrs. Moore's brother was living with her—a young man named David Palmer, who could not walk then on account of having frozen his feet.

II

11. On the second morning Philip begged Florinda to let him take his hand sled and go to the store and get some meal and some bacon for themselves and Mrs. Moore. Florinda felt loath to let him go. It was a long distance; there was snow in the woods and no track.

12. But Philip said that he wasn't afraid: the oldest boy ought to take care of the family.

And at last Florinda said he might go. Indeed, there seemed no other way; for, unless he did, they might all starve, especially if there should come on a heavy snowstorm.

13. Mrs. Moore had him start from her house, because she wanted to be sure he was well wrapped up. He left home in good spirits about nine o'clock in the morning on the thirty-first day of December, promising to be back before evening.

14. Florinda spent the day in spinning and in

other work for the family. As soon as it began to grow dark, she barred the door and shut all the window shutters but one. She left that open so that Philip might see the fire-light shining through.

The children began to cry because Philip was out all alone in the dark woods, and Florinda did everything she could to occupy their minds.

15. Nathaniel told afterward of her rolling up the cradle quilt into a baby for little Polly and pinning an apron on it; and of her setting him letters to copy on the bellows with chalk. He said she tied a strip of cloth round



She set him letters to copy.

his head to keep the hair out of his eyes when he bent over to make the letters. He remembered her stopping her wheel very often to listen for Philip.

16. At last little Polly fell asleep and was placed on the bed. Nathaniel laid his head on Florinda's lap and dropped asleep there, and slept till she got up to put more wood on. It was then nearly twelve o'clock. He woke in a fright, and crying. He had been dreaming about wolves.

17. After a while Nathaniel climbed up and looked through a knot-hole in the door and told Florinda he saw a fire in the woods.

Florinda said she thought not, that maybe it was the moon rising; and kept on with her spinning.

18. By and by he looked again, and said he did see a fire and some Indians sitting down by it.

Florinda left her wheel then and looked through, and said yes, it was so.

19. She kept watch afterward and saw them put out the fire and go away into the woods toward the Point. She told Nathaniel of this, and then held him in her arms and sang songs, low, in a language he could not understand. By this time the night was far spent.

20. At the side of the hut, near the fireplace, there had been in the summer a hole or tunnel dug through to the outside under the logs. It was begun by a tame rabbit that belonged to Nathaniel. The rabbit burrowed out and got away.

21. The children at play dug the hole deeper and wider, and it came quite handy in getting in firewood. This passage was about four feet deep. They called it the *back doorway*. When winter came on, it was filled up with sand and moss.

22. Florinda thought it well to be prepared for anything which might happen; and, therefore, she spent the latter part of that night in taking the

filling from the *back doorway*. The outer part was frozen hard and had to be thawed with hot water.

When this was done, she took the workbag out of her clothes box and put into it Mr. Bowen's papers and the teaspoons.

23. She said a great deal to Nathaniel about taking care of little Polly; told him that if any bad Indians came to the door, he must catch hold of her hand and run just as quickly as he could through the *back doorway* to Mrs. Moore's.

24. While she was talking to Nathaniel in the way I have said, they heard a step outside. It was then a little after daybreak.

Some one tapped at the door, and a strange voice said: "A friend; open, quick!"

25. She opened the door and found a white man standing there. This white man told her that unfriendly Indians were prowling about to rob, to kill, and to burn dwelling houses, and that several were known to be in that very neighborhood. The man was a messenger sent to warn people. He could not stop a moment.

III

26. As soon as the man had gone, Florinda double-barred the door, raked ashes over the fire, put on her things and the children's things, and got ready to go with them over to Mrs. Moore's. She made

up several bundles, gave one to each of the children, and took one herself.

27. But, before starting, she opened the shutter a crack and looked out; and there she saw two Indians coming toward the door. She flung down her bundle, snatched the children's away from them, hung the workbag round Nathaniel's neck, whispering to him: "Run, run! you'll have time; I'll keep them out till you get away!" all the while pulling at the clothes chest.

28. He heard the Indians yell, and saw Florinda brace herself against the door with her feet on the chest.

"Run, run!" she kept saying. "Take care of little Polly! don't let go of little Polly!"

29. Nathaniel ran with little Polly; and on the way they met the young man, David Palmer, creeping along with his gun. He had got the news and had come to tell Florinda to hurry away. Just at that moment he heard the yells of the Indians and the sound of their clubs beating in the door.

30. He threw the gun down and went on just as fast as a man could in such a condition, and presently saw two Indians start from the house and run into the woods. He listened a moment and heard dogs barking; then crept round the corner of the house. The door had been cut away.

31. Florinda lay across the chest, dead, as he

thought; and, indeed, she was almost gone. They had beaten her on the head with a hatchet or a club. One blow more, and Florinda would never have breathed again.

David Palmer did everything he could do to make her show some signs of life; and was so intent upon this that he paid no attention to the barking of the dogs, and did not notice that it was growing louder and coming nearer every moment.

32. Happening to glance toward the door, he saw a man on horseback, riding very slowly toward the house, leading another horse with his right hand, and with his left drawing something heavy on a sled. The man on horseback was Mr. Moore. He was leading Mr. Bowen's horse with his right hand, and with the other he was dragging Mr. Bowen on Philip's hand sled.

33. Coming home from Dermott's Crossing, Mr. Bowen was taken sick and had to travel at a very slow pace. When they had almost reached home, they found Philip's sled among the bushes.

34. Philip himself had left the sled there. The day that he went to the Point, he had to wait for corn to be ground, which made him late in starting home. He heard a good many reports concerning the Indians, and thought that, instead of keeping in his own tracks, it would be safer to take a round-about course back.

35. By doing this, he lost his way and wandered in the woods till almost twelve o'clock at night, when he came out upon a cleared place where there were several log huts. The people in one of these let him come in and sleep on the floor, and they gave him a good meal of meat and potatoes. He set out again between four and five in the morning, guided by a row of stars that those people pointed out to him.

36. A little after daybreak, being then about a quarter of a mile from home, in a hilly place, he thought he would leave his sled, as the load was so hard to draw, and run ahead and tell the folks about the Indians. So he pushed it under some bushes; and then, to mark the spot, he took one of his shoe strings and tied one of his mittens high up on the limb of a tree.

37. Just as he came to the brook, he heard some strange sounds, and climbed up into a hemlock tree, which overhung the brook, to hide and to look about. He lay along a branch listening, and presently saw Nathaniel, with the workbag around his neck, hurrying toward the brook, leading little Polly.

38. Philip was just going to call out, when he caught sight of three Indians standing behind some trees on the other side watching the two children. Little Polly was afraid to step on the ice. Philip moved a little to see better, and by doing this lost



Indians watching the two children

sight of them a moment; and, when he looked again, they were both gone.

39. He heard a crackling in the bushes and caught sight of little Polly's blanket flying through the woods, and knew then that those Indians had carried off Nathaniel and little Polly. Without stopping to consider, he jumped down and followed on, thinking, as he afterward said, to find out where they went and tell his father.

IV

40. Philip, by one way or another, kept on the trail of those Indians the whole day. Once it was by finding the stick that little Polly dropped; once it was by coming across a butcher knife the Indians had stolen from some house: and he had wit enough to break a limb or gash a tree now and then, so as to find his way back; also to take the bearings of the hills. When the Indians halted to rest, he had a chance to rest, too.

41. At last they stopped for the night in a sheltered valley where there were two or three wigwams. He watched them go into one of these, and then he could not think what to do next. The night was setting in bitter cold. The shoe he took the string from had come off in his running, and that foot was nearly frozen, and would have been quite if he had not tied some moss to the bottom of it with

his pocket handkerchief. The hand that had no mitten was frozen. He had eaten nothing but a few boxberry plums and boxberry leaves.

42. It was too late to think of finding his way home that night. He lay down on the snow; and, as the Indians lifted the mats to pass in and out, he could see fires burning and smell meats cooking.

43. Then he began to feel sleepy, and after that knew nothing more till he woke inside a wigwam, and found two Indian women rubbing him with snow. They afterward gave him plenty to eat.

He did not see Nathaniel and little Polly; they were in another wigwam.

44. There were two Indians squatting on the floor, one of them quite old. Pretty soon another came in; and Philip knew he was one of those that carried off the children, because he had Florinda's workbag hanging around his neck. He thought, no doubt, from seeing it on Nathaniel's neck, that there was the place to wear it.

45. Philip suffered dreadful pain in his foot and hand, but shut his mouth tight for fear he might groan. He said afterward, when questioned about this part of his story, that he was not going to let them hear a white boy groan.

46. Now, the older one of those two squaws in the wigwam felt inclined to save Philip. So next morn-

ing, before light, when the Indians all had gone off hunting, she sent the other squaw out on some errand, and then told Philip, in broken English and by signs, that he must run away that very morning. She bound up his foot; she gave him a moccasin to wear on it; she gave him a bag of pounded corn and a few strips of meat.

47. Philip had found out that the Indians supposed him to be a captive escaped from another party; and he thought it would be better not to mention Nathaniel and little Polly, but to get home as quickly as he could and tell people where they were.



She gave him a bag of corn.

48. When the young squaw came in, the old one set her at work parching corn, with her back to the door; then made signs to Philip, and he crept out and ran. After running a few rods, he came unexpectedly upon a wigwam. There was a noise of some one pounding corn inside; and when that stopped he stopped, and when that went on he went on, and so crept by.

49. As soon as it began to grow light, he kept

along without much trouble, partly by means of the signs on the trees. As he got farther on, there being fewer of these signs (because they had come so swiftly that part of the way), he took the wrong course—very luckily, as it proved ; for by doing so he fell in with two men on horseback, and one of these carried him home.

50. Philip described the place where the children were, and that very night a party was sent out which captured the Indians and brought back Nathaniel and little Polly.

II. **Lôath**: unwilling. **Prowl'ing**: going stealthily or slyly.

IV. **Wig'wams**: Indian houses made of poles covered with mats or bark. **Squa'ws**: Indian women. **Môc'cá sin**: an Indian shoe made of deerskin, the sole and the upper part being in one piece. **Câp'tive**: a prisoner taken in war.

The Eagle

BY ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

Alfred, Lord Tennyson (1809–1892): An English poet. "The Brook," "Locksley Hall," and "The Charge of the Light Brigade" are, perhaps, the most popular of his short poems, and "In Memoriam," "The Idylls of the King," and "The Princess" are the best of his long poems.

1. He clasps the crag with crooked hands;
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ringed with the azure world, he stands.



Like a thunderbolt he falls.

2. The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;
He watches from his mountain walls;
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

Psalm XXIII

The Lord is my Shepherd ; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures : He leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul : He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil : for thou art with me ; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies : thou anointest my head with oil ; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life : and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

Tilly's Christmas

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT

Louisa May Alcott (1832-1888): One of the most popular of American writers of juvenile literature. She was the author of twenty-eight volumes, including, among others, "Little Women," "Little Men," "The Old-Fashioned Girl," and "Aunt Jo's Scrap-Bag," from which the present story is taken.

I

1. "I'm so glad to-morrow is Christmas, because I'm going to have lots of presents."

"So am I glad, though I don't expect any presents but a pair of mittens."

"And so am I; but I shan't have any presents at all."

2. As the three little girls trudged home from school they said these things, and as Tilly spoke both the others looked at her with pity and some surprise, for she spoke cheerfully, and they wondered how she could be happy when she was so poor.

3. "Don't you wish you could find a purse full of money right here in the path?" said Kate, the child who was going to have "lots of presents."

"Oh, don't I, if I could keep it honestly!" and Tilly's eyes shone at the very thought.

4. "What would you buy?" asked Bessy, rubbing her cold hands, and longing for her mittens.

"I'd buy a pair of large, warm blankets, a load of wood, a shawl for mother, and a pair of shoes for

me ; and, if there were enough left, I'd give Bessy a new hat, and then she needn't wear Ben's old felt one," answered Tilly.

5. The girls laughed at that ; but Bessy pulled the funny hat over her ears, and said she was much obliged, but she'd rather have candy.

6. "Let's look, and maybe we can find a purse. People are always going about with money at Christmas time, and some one may lose it here," said Kate.

So, as they went along the snowy road, they looked about them, half in earnest, half in fun. Suddenly Tilly sprang forward, exclaiming—

"I see it ! I've found it !"

7. The others followed, but all stopped disappointed, for it wasn't a purse ; it was only a little bird. It lay upon the snow with its wings spread and feebly fluttering, as if too weak to fly. Its little feet were benumbed with cold ; its once bright eyes were dull with pain, and instead of a blithe song, it could only utter a faint chirp now and then, as if crying for help.

8. "Nothing but a stupid old robin ; how provoking !" cried Kate, sitting down to rest.

"I shan't touch it. I found one once, and took care of it, and the ungrateful thing flew away the minute it was well," said Bessy, creeping under Kate's shawl and putting her hands under her chin to warm them.

9. "Poor little birdie ! How pitiful he looks, and how glad he must be to see some one coming to help him ! I'll take him up gently and carry him home to mother. Don't be frightened, dear, I'm your friend ;" and Tilly knelt down in the snow, stretching her hand to the bird with the tenderest pity in her face.

10. Kate and Bessy laughed.

"Don't stop for that thing ; it's getting late and cold ; let's go on and look for the purse," they said, moving away.

"You wouldn't leave it to die," cried Tilly. "I'd rather have the bird than the money, so I shan't look any more. The purse wouldn't be mine, and I should only be tempted to keep it ; but this poor thing will thank and love me, and I'm so glad I came in time."

11. Gently lifting the bird, Tilly felt its tiny, cold claws cling to her hand, and saw its dim eyes brighten as it nestled down with a grateful chirp.

"Now I have a Christmas present, after all," she said, smiling, as they walked on. "I always wanted a bird, and this one will be such a pretty pet for me."

12. "He'll fly away the first chance he gets, and die anyhow ; so you'd better not waste your time over him," said Bessy.

"He can't pay you for taking care of him, and

my mother says it isn't worth while to help folks that can't help us," added Kate.

13. "My mother says, 'Do as you'd be done by;' and I'm sure I'd like any one to help me if I was dying of cold and hunger. 'Love your neighbor as yourself,' is another of her sayings. This bird is my little neighbor, and I'll love him and care for him, as I often wish our rich neighbor would love and care for us," answered Tilly, breathing her warm breath over the benumbed bird, who looked up at her with confiding eyes, quick to feel and know a friend.

14. "What a funny girl you are," said Kate; "caring for that silly bird, and talking about loving your neighbor in that sober way. Mr. King doesn't care a bit for you, and never will, though he knows how poor you are; so I don't think your plan amounts to much."

15. "I believe it, though; and shall do my part, anyway. Good night. I hope you'll have a merry Christmas, and lots of pretty things," answered Tilly, as they parted.

II

16. Her eyes were full, and she felt so poor as she went on alone toward the little, old house where she lived. It would have been so pleasant to know that she was going to have some of the pretty things all children love to find in their full stock-

ings on Christmas morning. And pleasanter still to have been able to give her mother something nice. So many comforts were needed, and there was no hope of getting them; for they could barely get food and fire.

17. "Never mind, birdie; we'll make the best of what we have and be merry in spite of everything. You shall have a happy Christmas, anyway; and I know God won't forget us, if every one else does."

She stopped a minute to wipe her eyes and lean her cheek against the bird's soft breast, finding great comfort in the little creature, though it could only love her, nothing more.

18. "See, mother, what a nice present I've found," she cried, going in with a cheery face that was like sunshine in a dark room.

"I'm glad of that, dearie; for I haven't been able to get my little girl anything but a rosy apple. Poor bird! Give it some of your warm bread and milk."

19. "Why, mother, what a big bowlful! I'm afraid you gave me all the milk," said Tilly, smiling over the nice, steaming supper that stood ready for her.

"I've had plenty, dear. Sit down and dry your wet feet, and put the bird in my basket on this warm flannel."

20. Tilly peeped into the closet and saw nothing there but dry bread.

"Mother's given me all the milk, and is going without her tea 'cause she knows I'm hungry. Now I'll surprise her, and she shall have a good supper, too. She is going to split wood, and I'll fix it while she's gone."

21. So Tilly put down the old teapot, carefully poured out a part of the milk, and from her pocket produced a great, plummy bun that one of the school children had given her and she had saved for her mother. A slice of the dry bread was nicely toasted, and the bit of butter set by for her put on it. When her mother came in, there was the table drawn up in a warm place, a hot cup of tea ready, and Tilly and birdie waiting for her.

22. Such a poor little supper, and yet such a happy one; for love, charity, and contentment were guests there, and that Christmas eve was a blither one than that up at the great house, where lights shone, fires blazed, a great tree glittered, and music sounded, as the children danced and played.

23. "We must go to bed early, for we've only wood enough to last over to-morrow. I shall be paid for my work the day after, and then we can get some," said Tilly's mother, as they sat by the fire.

24. "If my bird was only a fairy bird, and would give us three wishes, how nice it would be! Poor dear, he can't give me anything; but it's no matter," answered Tilly, looking at the robin, which lay in the

basket with his head under his wing, a mere little feathery bunch.

25. "He can give you one thing, Tilly—the pleasure of doing good. That is one of the sweetest things in life; and the poor can enjoy it as well as the rich."

26. As her mother spoke, with her tired hand softly stroking her little daughter's hair, Tilly suddenly started and pointed to the window, saying in a frightened whisper:

"I saw a face—a man's face, looking in! It's gone now; but I truly saw it."

27. "Some traveler attracted by the light, perhaps. I'll go and see." And Tilly's mother went to the door.

No one was there. The wind blew cold, the stars shone, the snow lay white on field and wood, and the Christmas moon was glittering in the sky.

28. "What sort of face was it?" asked Tilly's mother, coming back.

"A pleasant sort of face, I think; but I was so startled I don't quite know what it was like. I wish we had a curtain there," said Tilly.

29. "I like to have our light shine out in the evening, for the road is dark and lonely just here, and the twinkle of our lamp is pleasant to people's eyes as they go by. We can do so little for our neighbors, I am glad to cheer the way for them.

Now put these poor old shoes to dry, and go to bed, dearie; I'll come soon."

30. Tilly went, taking her bird with her to sleep in his basket near by, lest he should be lonely in the night.

Soon the little house was dark and still, and no one saw the Christmas spirits at their work that night.

31. When Tilly opened the door next morning, she gave a loud cry, clapped her hands, and then stood still, quite speechless with wonder and delight. There, before the door, lay a great pile of wood all ready to burn, a big bundle, and a basket, with a lovely nosegay of winter roses, holly, and evergreen tied to the handle.

32. "Oh, mother! did the fairies do it?" cried Tilly, pale with her happiness, as she seized the basket, while her mother took in the bundle.

33. "Yes, dear, the best and dearest fairy in the world, called 'Charity.' She walks abroad at Christmas time, does beautiful deeds like this, and does not stay to be thanked," answered her mother with full eyes, as she undid the parcel.

34. There they were—the warm, thick blankets, the comfortable shawl, the new shoes, and, best of all, a pretty winter hat for Bessy. The basket was full of good things to eat, and on the flowers lay a paper saying:

“For the little girl who loves her neighbor as herself.”

35. “Mother, I really think my bird is a fairy bird, and all these splendid things come from him,” said Tilly, laughing and crying with joy.

36. It really did seem so, for, as she spoke, the robin flew to the table, hopped to the nosegay, and, perching among the roses, began to chirp with all his little might. The sun streamed in on flowers, bird, and happy child, and no one saw a shadow glide away from the window; no one ever knew that Mr. King had seen and heard the little girls the night before, or dreamed that the rich neighbor had learned a lesson from the poor neighbor.

37. And Tilly’s bird was a fairy bird; for by her love and tenderness to the helpless thing she brought good gifts to herself, happiness to the unknown giver of them, and a faithful little friend who did not fly away, but stayed with her till the snow was gone, making summer for her in the winter time.

I. **Bê nũmbed’**: deprived of feeling, as by cold. **Cõn fid’ing**: trusting.

II. **Plũm’mỹ**: full of plums. **Chãr’ĩtỹ**: kindness to the poor.

Honor and shame from no condition rise.

Act well your part; there all the honor lies.



Under the Greenwood Tree

BY WILLIAM SHAKSPERE

William Shakspeare (1564–1616): An English dramatic poet. His name is the greatest in English literature, and one of the greatest in the world's literature. The plays usually considered his best are "Hamlet," "King Lear," "Othello," "Macbeth," "Julius Cæsar," "The Merchant of Venice," and "The Tempest." "Under the Greenwood Tree" is the song of the banished lords in "As You Like It."

Under the greenwood tree,
 Who loves to lie with me,
 And turn his merry note
 Unto the sweet bird's throat,
 Come hither, come hither, come hither!
 Here shall he see
 No enemy
 But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
 And loves to live i' the sun,
 Seeking the food he eats,
 And pleased with what he gets,
 Come hither, come hither, come hither!
 Here shall he see
 No enemy
 But winter and rough weather.

Our First Naval Hero

I

1. Much has been said about the gallant deeds of the brave sailors who won the victories of Manila and Santiago in the war with Spain.

The great steel war ships of to-day are very different from the small wooden vessels with which the naval battles of the Revolution were fought.

2. But we had brave sailors in those early days, also, as you can learn from the following stories of our first great naval hero. This hero's name was John Paul Jones.

3. At the beginning of the Revolution, Jones offered his services to Congress, and was given a position in the navy. He showed such skill and courage that he was soon put in command of a ship.

When a ship was being fitted out for him, he asked for a good one. "For," said he, "I intend to go in harm's way."

4. Paul Jones was the first to raise the stars and stripes on the seas, and he soon made his flag feared by the enemies of his country.

5. Not long after he raised his flag, he went to Whitehaven, on the coast of England. There hundreds of English vessels lay at anchor. At midnight, Jones, with two small boats, rowed noiselessly into the harbor. Leaving the others to set fire to the English ships, he hastened forward, with only one man, to take the fort which defended the harbor.

6. He spiked every gun and then hurried back to his men. What was his rage to find that they had not set fire to the ships as he had ordered.

7. By this time day was beginning to break, and the people of the town were gathering at the water-side. But Paul Jones was unwilling to see his plan fail entirely. All alone he entered a large ship, and set fire to it with his own hands.

8. As the flames rose high, the people rushed forward to put them out. But Paul Jones, pistol in hand, threatened to shoot down the first man



Jones rowed to his own vessel.

who should approach. When the ship was fairly on fire, he rowed to his own vessel, and sailed out of the harbor.

9. Through the help of Franklin, Jones obtained command of a vessel which he called the "Poor Richard." As it and three other small American ships were sailing along the English coast, they saw a fleet of merchant vessels accompanied by two large war ships.

10. Jones at once gave chase. The merchant vessels scattered like wild pigeons, and ran for shore, but the two war ships advanced to fight.

Paul Jones, in his old, half worn-out ship, fearlessly approached the *Serapis*, a new vessel with an excellent crew. Both vessels opened fire, and two of Jones's guns burst at once.

11. Soon the vessels drew close together, and Jones gave orders to board the *Serapis*. His men were driven back, and Captain Pearson of the *Serapis* called to know if he had yielded.

"I have not yet begun to fight," replied Jones.

12. The ships parted, and the size and strength of the enemy told against the *Poor Richard*, so Jones determined to try again to board the *Serapis*. As the two vessels came close to each other, Jones ordered them to be fastened together.

13. Captain Pearson did not like this close fighting, for it took away all the advantage his better

ship and heavier guns had given him. Paul Jones's guns now touched those of the Serapis. As the gunners loaded, they had to thrust their ramrods into the enemy's ports. Never before had an English commander met such a foe or fought such a battle.

14. With his heaviest guns useless, and part of his



Jones himself helped work the guns.

deck blown up, Jones still kept up the unequal fight. He himself helped work the guns. In this hour of need one of the American vessels, the Alliance, commanded by a Frenchman, came up, and instead of attacking the Serapis, fired on the Poor Richard.

15. Just then the gunners and carpenter ran up,

saying that the ship was sinking. Captain Pearson called again to know if the ship had yielded. Paul Jones replied that if he could do no better he would go down with his colors flying.

16. In the confusion the English prisoners had been set free. One of them, who passed through the fire to his own ship, told Captain Pearson that the *Poor Richard* was sinking; if he could hold out but a few minutes longer she must go down.

17. Imagine the condition of Paul Jones at this moment! Every gun was silenced, except the one at which he himself stood; his ship was gradually settling beneath him, a hundred prisoners swarmed on his decks, and the *Alliance* was firing on his ship. Still he would not yield. He ordered the prisoners to the pumps, declaring that if they would not work they should sink with him.

18. The condition of the *Serapis* was little better than that of the *Poor Richard*. Both vessels looked like wrecks, and both were on fire. The *Serapis* was at last forced to surrender. Nothing but Paul Jones's courage and his resolve never to give up had saved him from defeat.

19. The captain of the *Alliance* had intended to destroy Jones's ship, and then take the English vessel and claim the honor of the victory. He was disgraced for his conduct, and Jones was honored, as he deserved to be.



From the painting by J. M. W. Turner

The Fighting Temeraire Tugged to her Last Berth
A warship of a hundred years ago

20. Captain Pearson was made a knight for the courage with which he defended his ship.

When Jones heard this, he said: "Well, he deserved it; and if I have the good fortune to fall in with him again, I will make him a lord."

I. *Ga'l'ant*: brave. *Spiked*: made the guns useless by stopping the vent or touchhole with a nail or spike.

II. *Sê rá'p'sa*. *Bôard*: to go on deck of. *Knight*: a man who receives a rank which entitles him to be called Sir, as "Sir Walter Scott."

In the lexicon of youth, which fate reserves
For a bright manhood, there's no such word
as fail.

BULWER

Hiawatha's Sailing

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807-1882): One of the most popular of American poets. "Evangeline" and "Hiawatha" are the best known of his longer poems. Among his shorter poems are many household favorites, such as "The Village Blacksmith," "Excelsior," and "The Psalm of Life." Longfellow was also the author of two prose volumes, "Outre Mer" and "Hyperion," descriptive of his European travels.

"Give me of your bark, O Birch Tree!
Of your yellow bark, O Birch Tree!
Growing by the rushing river,
Tall and stately in the valley!

I a light canoe will build me,
 Build a swift Cheemaun for sailing,
 That shall float upon the river,
 Like a yellow leaf in autumn,
 Like a yellow water lily!

“Lay aside your cloak, O Birch Tree!
 Lay aside your white skin wrapper,
 For the summer time is coming,
 And the sun is warm in heaven,
 And you need no white skin wrapper!”

Thus aloud cried Hiawatha
 In the solitary forest,
 By the rushing Taquamenaw,
 When the birds were singing
 gaily,
 In the Moon of Leaves were
 singing,
 And the Sun, from sleep
 awaking,
 Started up and said, “Behold
 me!

Geezis, the great Sun, behold me!”

And the tree with all its branches
 Rustled in the breeze of morning,
 Saying, with a sigh of patience,
 “Take my cloak, O Hiawatha!”

With his knife the tree he girdled;
 Just beneath its lowest branches,



Just above the roots, he cut it,
 Till the sap came oozing outward;
 Down the trunk, from top to bottom,
 Sheer he cleft the bark asunder,
 With a wooden wedge he raised it,
 Stripped it from the trunk unbroken.

“Give me of your boughs, O Cedar!
 Of your strong and pliant branches,
 My canoe to make more steady,
 Make more strong and firm beneath me!”

Through the summit of the Cedar
 Went a sound, a cry of horror,
 Went a murmur of resistance;
 But it whispered, bending downward,
 “Take my boughs, O Hiawatha!”

Down he hewed the boughs of cedar,
 Shaped them straightway to a framework,
 Like two bows he formed and shaped them,
 Like two bended bows together.

“Give me of your roots, O Tamarack!
 Of your fibrous roots, O Larch Tree!
 My canoe to bind together,
 So to bind the ends together
 That the water may not enter,
 That the river may not wet me!”

And the Larch with all its fibers,
 Shivered in the air of morning,
 Touched his forehead with its tassels,

Said, with one long sigh of sorrow,
 "Take them all, O Hiawatha!"

From the earth he tore the fibers,
 Tore the tough roots of the Larch Tree,
 Closely sewed the bark together,
 Bound it closely to the framework.

"Give me of your balm, O Fir Tree!
 Of your balsam and your resin,
 So to close the seams together
 That the water may not enter,
 That the river may not wet me!"

And the Fir Tree, tall and somber,
 Sobbed through all its robes of darkness,
 Rattled like a shore with pebbles,
 Answered wailing, answered weeping,
 "Take my balm, O Hiawatha!"

And he took the tears of balsam,
 Took the resin of the Fir Tree,
 Smeared therewith each seam and fissure,
 Made each crevice safe from water.

"Give me of your quills, O Hedgehog!
 All your quills, O Kagh, the Hedgehog!
 I will make a necklace of them,
 Make a girdle for my beauty,
 And two stars to deck her bosom!"

From a hollow tree the Hedgehog
 With his sleepy eyes looked at him,
 Shot his shining quills, like arrows,



His thoughts as paddles served him.

Saying, with a drowsy murmur,
Through the tangle of his whiskers,
"Take my quills, O Hiawatha!"

From the ground the quills he gathered,
All the little shining arrows,
Stained them red and blue and yellow,
With the juice of roots and berries;
Into his canoe he wrought them,
Round its waist a shining girdle,
Round its bows a gleaming necklace,
On its breast two stars resplendent.

Thus the Birch Canoe was builded,

In the valley, by the river,
 In the bosom of the forest;
 And the forest's life was in it,
 All its mystery and its magic,
 All the lightness of the birch tree,
 All the toughness of the cedar,
 All the larch's supple sinews;
 And it floated on the river
 Like a yellow leaf in autumn,
 Like a yellow water lily.

Paddles none had Hiawatha,
 Paddles none he had or needed,
 For his thoughts as paddles served him,
 And his wishes served to guide him;
 Swift or slow at will he glided,
 Veered to right or left at pleasure.

Chêe maun': a birch canoe. **Sôl'i tâ rÿ**: lonely. **Tâ quâ-mê-naw**: a river of northern Michigan which flows into Lake Superior. **Moon of Leaves**: May. **Gêe'zîs**: the sun. **Shêer**: straight up and down. **Â sùn'dêr**: apart; in two. **Plî'ant**: bending easily without breaking. **Straight wâÿ**: at once. **Tâm'â räck**: the American larch. **Fî'broûs**: composed of fibers or threads; tough. **Bă/m, bal'sam, rêe'in**: gummy substances which flow from the fir tree. **Sôm'bêr**: dark; gloomy. **Fis'sure**: a narrow opening. **Kăgh**: the hedgehog. **Drow'ÿ**: sleepy. **Rê splên'dent**: very bright; shining. **Mÿs'têr ÿ**: something kept secret. **Sûp'le**: easily bent. **Vêered**: turned; changed direction.

Shun Delay

I

1. One day an old farmer went into the nearest market town with some of the produce of his farm. When he had attended to all his business, he stabled his horse at the inn and went to see the great lawyer who lived in one of the grandest houses in the town.



2. He rang the bell and sent in word that he wished to see the lawyer on important business.

On being shown into the room, he said: "Now, sir, I have come to get your advice."

"Yes," answered the lawyer; "what is the matter?"

"That is for you to find out," "What is the matter?" said the old man. "I have come to you to get advice, not to give it."

3. The lawyer had never before met so queer a client. No one was in the habit of speaking so bluntly to him. He was rather amused than angry, and made up his mind to find out what the old man really wanted with him.

So he asked: "Have you a complaint to make against any one?"

"No," said the farmer; "I live at peace with all my neighbors."

4. "Perhaps you wish to recover a debt?"

"No!" shouted the old man; "I owe no man; and, if any one owes me anything, he gets time to pay it. There are honest people in the part I come from."

5. The lawyer asked several other questions, but without being able to discover why his strange client had called upon him. At length he said that he was unable to give him any advice, as he did not seem to be in any difficulty or trouble.

6. "Difficulty or trouble!" said the old man; "that's exactly what I am in. I come to ask you for advice—you, the greatest lawyer in the country—and you can do nothing to help me. That's difficulty and trouble enough, I think.

7. "Many of my friends and neighbors have been to see lawyers from time to time, and taken their advice about the conduct of their affairs. They say they have done well ever since. So when I came to market to-day, I made up my mind to come to you and get advice; but, as you have none to give me, I must go to some other man who understands my case."

8. "You need not do that," said the lawyer. "Now that you have explained, I understand your case thoroughly. Your neighbors have been receiv-

ing legal advice, and you do not wish to be considered less important than they."

9. "That's it," shouted the man, delighted that he was understood at last.

The lawyer gravely took a sheet of paper and a pen. Then he asked the man his name.

10. "John Brown," was the answer.

"Occupation?"

"What's that?" he asked, in amazement.

"What do you do for a living?"

"Oh! is that what occupation means?" he said.

"I'm a farmer."

11. The great lawyer wrote it all down, and added something which the farmer could not make out. Then, folding the paper, he gave it to the old man, who paid his fee, and went out delighted that he was now every bit as clever as his neighbors.

II

12. When he arrived home, he found a number of his work people at his door, talking to his wife.

"Ah, here comes John," she cried; "he will tell us what to do."

13. Then she explained to her husband that the hay was all cut and ready for carrying in, and the men wanted to know whether they should stop for the night, or work till the fields were clear. The weather had been fine for many days, and the sky



He found a number of his work people.

had a settled appearance, so that there seemed no need of haste for fear of rain.

14. The farmer thought a moment without coming to any decision. Suddenly he remembered the lawyer's advice which he had in his pocket.

"This will decide it in a minute," he cried, as he unfolded the paper. "I have here an opinion from one of our famous lawyers, and we will follow whatever advice he gives. Read it," he said to his wife. "You are a better scholar than I."

15. His wife took the paper and read aloud: "John Brown, farmer. Do not put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day."

"A famous opinion," cried the farmer with delight. "Away to the fields, lads, and get the hay in."

16. The men went back and worked with a will. In the moonlight they kept busy loading the carts, till, at length, all the fields were cleared. As the last load was driven in, a few drops of rain began to fall, but there was no sign of a storm.



His wife read aloud.

17. During the night, however, a tempest of wind and rain burst over the valley, and when the farmer got up in the morning, several of his fields were flooded. We can well imagine how thankful he was that he had not put off his work till to-morrow. Had he done so, he would have found, as so many have found, that to-morrow is too late.

18. "A famous piece of advice that was," he remarked, as he walked back to the house. "'Do not put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.' If everybody acted on that plan, what a world of misery and disappointment would be saved. I will always do so for the future."

19. The farmer kept his word, and he found, as you will also find if you try it, that his work was lighter, and that the world went more smoothly than it had ever done before.

I. **Prôd'ûce** : that which is brought forth from the ground.
Cl'ient : One who asks advice of a lawyer. **Le'gal** : relating to law ; governed by the rules of law. **Â m'aze'ment** : surprise.
F'ee : charge.

II. **De cis'ion** : fixed purpose.

Select from this story five words which express action.

Write all the forms of these words : as see, saw, seen.

One of the illusions is that the present hour is not the decisive hour. Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year.

EMERSON

The Walrus and the Carpenter

BY LEWIS CARROLL

1. The sun was shining on the sea,
 Shining with all his might ;
 He did his very best to make
 The billows smooth and bright—
 And this was odd, because it was
 The middle of the night.
2. The moon was shining sulkily,
 Because she thought the sun
 Had got no business to be there
 After the day was done :
 "It's very rude of him," she said,
 "To come and spoil the fun!"

3. The sea was wet as wet could be,
The sands were dry as dry.
You could not see a cloud, because
No cloud was in the sky :
No birds were flying overhead—
There were no birds to fly.
4. The Walrus and the Carpenter
Were walking close at hand ;
They wept like anything to see
Such quantities of sand :
“ If this were only cleared away,”
They said, “ it would be grand !”
5. “ If seven maids with seven mops
Swept it for half a year,
Do you suppose,” the Walrus said,
“ That they could get it clear ?”
“ I doubt it,” said the Carpenter,
And shed a bitter tear.
6. “ O Oysters, come and walk with us !”
The Walrus did beseech.
“ A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,
Along the briny beach :
We can not do with more than four,
To give a hand to each.”
7. The eldest Oyster looked at him,
But never a word he said :

The eldest Oyster winked his eye,
 And shook his heavy head,—
 Meaning to say he did not choose
 To leave the Oyster-bed.

8. But four young Oysters hurried up,
 All eager for the treat:
 Their coats were brushed, their faces washed,
 Their shoes were clean and neat—
 And this was odd, because, you know,
 They hadn't any feet.

9. Four other Oysters followed them,
 And yet another four;
 And thick and fast they came at last,
 And more, and more, and more,—
 All hopping through the frothy waves,
 And scrambling to the shore.

10. The Walrus and the Carpenter
 Walked on a mile or so,
 And then they rested on a rock
 Conveniently low:
 And all the little Oysters stood
 And waited in a row.
11. "The time has come," the Walrus said,
 "To talk of many things:
 Of shoes—and ships—and sealing wax—
 Of cabbages—and kings—

And why the sea is boiling hot—
And whether pigs have wings.”

12. “But wait a bit,” the Oysters cried,
“Before we have our chat;
For some of us are out of breath,
And all of us are fat!”
“No hurry!” said the Carpenter.
They thanked him much for that.

13. “A loaf of bread,” the Walrus said,
“Is what we chiefly need:
Pepper and vinegar besides
Are very good indeed:
Now if you’re ready, Oysters dear,
We can begin to feed.”

14. “But not on us!” the Oysters cried,
Turning a little blue.
“After such kindness that would be
A dismal thing to do!”
“The night is fine,” the Walrus said;
“Do you admire the view?”

15. “It was so kind of you to come!
And you are very nice!”
The Carpenter said nothing but,
“Cut us another slice:

I wish you were not quite so deaf—
I've had to ask you twice!"

16. "It seems a shame," the Walrus said,
"To play them such a trick,
After we've brought them out so far,
And made them trot so quick!"
The Carpenter said nothing but,
"The butter's spread too thick!"

17. "I weep for you," the Walrus said:
"I deeply sympathize."
With sobs and tears he sorted out
Those of the largest size,
Holding his pocket handkerchief
Before his streaming eyes.

18. "O Oysters," said the Carpenter,
"You've had a pleasant run!
Shall we be trotting home again?"
But answer came there none—
And this was scarcely odd, because
They'd eaten every one.

Bil'low: great waves of the sea. **Sulk'ily:** peevishly;
angrily. **Bê sêech':** beg; ask earnestly. **Brin'y:** salty.
Frôth'y: full of bubbles. **Dîsmal:** sad. **Sÿm'pâ thize:**
pity.

The Story of Prince Ahmed and the Fairy Peribanou

FROM "THE ARABIAN NIGHTS"

The exact origin of these famous Eastern tales is uncertain. They were first made known to English readers about two hundred years ago, and they have ever since maintained a foremost place in the affections of children.

I

1. There was a sultan who had three sons and a niece. The eldest of the princes was called Houssain; and the second, Ali; and the youngest, Ahmed; and the princess, his niece, Nouronnihar.

2. The Princess Nouronnihar was the orphan daughter of the sultan's younger brother. The sultan brought his niece up in his palace with the three princes, proposing to marry her, when she arrived at a proper age, to some neighboring prince. But when he perceived that the three princes, his sons, all loved her, he was very much concerned. As he was not able to decide among them, he sent all three to travel in distant countries, promising his niece in marriage to the one who should bring him as a gift the greatest curiosity.

3. The princes accordingly set out disguised as merchants. They went the first day's journey together, and, as they parted, they agreed to travel for a year and to meet again at a certain inn. The first that came should wait for the rest; so that, as they had all three taken leave together of the sul-



They mounted their horses and set forth.

tan, they might all return together. By break of day they mounted their horses and set forth.

4. Prince Houssain, the eldest brother, went to the kingdom of Bisnagar. Here, by good fortune, he found a wonderful carpet. It was ordinary in appearance, but had this singular property: whoever seated himself on it was at once transported to any place he might wish.

5. Prince Ali, the second brother, joined a caravan and journeyed to the capital of the kingdom of Persia. There he procured from a merchant an ivory tube which would reveal to any one looking through it whatever he wished to see.

6. Prince Ahmed took the road to Samarkand.

He also bought what he considered the greatest possible curiosity. This was an artificial apple, the smell of which would cure a person of the most deadly disease.

7. At the appointed time the princes met at the inn. They showed one another their treasures, and immediately saw through the tube that the princess was dying. They then sat down on the carpet, wished themselves with her, and were there in a moment.

8. As soon as Prince Ahmed was in Nouronnihar's chamber, he rose from the carpet, and going to the bedside put the apple under her nose. The princess immediately opened her eyes, and turned her head from one side to another, looking at the persons who stood about her; then she rose up in bed and asked to be dressed, just as if she had waked out of a sound sleep.

9. The princes then went to throw themselves at the feet of the sultan, their father, and to pay their respects to him. But when they came before him, they found he had been informed of their arrival and by what means the princess had been cured. The sultan received them with the greatest joy.

10. After the usual ceremonies and compliments, the princes presented their curiosities: Prince Houssain his carpet, Prince Ali his ivory tube, and Prince Ahmed his artificial apple; and after each

had commended his present, they begged the sultan to declare to which of them he would give the Princess Nouronihar for a wife, according to his promise.

11. The sultan, having heard all that the princes could say about their gifts, remained some time silent. At last he said: "I would declare for one of you, my children, with a great deal of pleasure if I could do it with justice. But the gift of no one of you alone would have been sufficient to cure the princess; Ahmed's apple would have been of no use if Ali's tube had not first revealed her illness, and Houssain's carpet transported you to her side. Therefore, as neither carpet, tube, nor apple can be preferred one before the other, I cannot grant the princess to any one of you.

12. "I must use other means to make my choice. Get each of you a bow and arrow, and go to the great plain where they exercise the horses. I will give the princess to him who shoots the farthest."

13. The three princes had nothing to say against the decision of the sultan. Each provided himself with a bow and arrow, and went to the plain, followed by a great crowd of people.

14. Prince Houssain, as the eldest, took his bow and arrow, and shot first; Prince Ali shot next, and much beyond him; and Prince Ahmed last of all, but nobody could see where his arrow fell; and, in



Prince Ahmed shot last of all.

spite of all the care that was used by himself and everybody else in searching, it was not to be found far or near.

15. Though it was believed that Prince Ahmed shot the farthest, and that he, therefore, deserved the Princess Nouronihar, it was necessary that his arrow should be found, to make the matter certain. So the sultan judged in favor of Prince Ali, and the wedding took place soon after.

II

16. Prince Houssain would not honor the feast

with his presence. In short, such was his grief that he left the court and became a hermit.

17. Prince Ahmed, too, did not go to the wedding; but he did not renounce the world, as Houssain had done. As he could not imagine what had become of his arrow, he stole away from his attendants to search for it. He went to the place where the other arrows had been found, going straight forward from there and looking carefully on both sides of him.

18. He went on till he came to some steep, craggy rocks, which were situated in a barren country about four leagues distant from where he set out. When Prince Ahmed came near these rocks, he perceived an arrow, which he picked up, and was much astonished to find that it was his.

19. "Certainly," said he to himself, "neither I nor any man living could shoot an arrow so far!" and finding it laid flat, not sticking into the ground, he judged that it had rebounded against the rock.

20. As these rocks were full of caves, the prince entered one, and, looking about, saw an iron door which seemed to have no lock. Thrusting against it, it opened, and revealed an easy descent, down which he walked. At first he thought he was going into a dark, gloomy place, but presently light succeeded; and, entering into a large, open place, he perceived a magnificent palace about fifty or sixty paces distant.

21. At the same time a lady of majestic port and air advanced as far as the porch, attended by a large troop of finely dressed and beautiful ladies.

The lady addressed him and said : " Come nearer, Prince Ahmed ; you are welcome."

22. It was no small surprise to the prince to hear himself named in a place of which he had never heard, though it was so near his father's capital ; and he could not understand how he should be known to a lady who was a stranger to him.

23. He returned the lady's compliment by throwing himself at her feet, saying : " Madam, I return you a thousand thanks for your welcome. But may I dare ask how you know me ? And how you, who live so near me, should be so great a stranger to me ?"

" Prince," said the lady, " let us go into the hall ; there I will gratify your request."

24. The lady led Prince Ahmed into the hall, and, when they were seated on a sofa, she said : " You are surprised, you say, that I should know you and not be known to you ; but you will be no longer surprised when I inform you who I am. I am the daughter of one of the most powerful genies, and my name is Peribanou. I was present when you drew your arrow, and it was I who made it strike against the rocks near which you found it. It lies in your power to make use of the favorable opportunity which presents itself to make you happy."

25. As the fairy Peribanou looked tenderly upon Prince Ahmed, with a modest blush on her cheeks, it was no hard matter for the prince to understand what happiness she meant. He considered that the Princess Nouronihar could never be his, and that the fairy Peribanou excelled her infinitely in beauty, agreeableness, wit, and, as much as he could conjecture by the magnificence of the palace, in immense riches.

26. He blessed the moment that he thought of seeking after his arrow a second time, and replied: "Madam, should I all my life have the happiness of being your slave, I should think myself the most fortunate of men. Don't refuse to admit into your court a prince who is entirely devoted to you."

27. "Prince," answered the fairy, "will you not pledge your faith to me, as I give mine to you?"

"Yes, madam," replied the prince, in great joy; "I give you my heart without the least reserve."

"Then," answered the fairy, "you are my husband and I am your wife. Come, now, and I will show you my palace."

28. The fairy Peribanou then carried him through all the apartments, where he saw diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and all sorts of fine jewels. The prince owned that he could not have imagined that there was in the world anything that could equal it.

The wedding feast was held the next day; or, rather, the days following were a continual feast.

III

29. At the end of six months Prince Ahmed, who always loved and honored his father, the sultan, longed to know how he was. He told the fairy of this desire, and asked if it were her pleasure that he should go to see his father.

30. "Prince," said she, "go when you please. But first let me give you some advice: I think it will be best for you not to tell the sultan, your father, about me nor about our marriage. Beg him to be satisfied in knowing that you are happy, and inform him that the only end of your visit is to let him know that you are well and happy."

31. She appointed twenty gentlemen, well mounted and equipped, to attend him. When all was ready, Prince Ahmed took his leave of the fairy, embraced her, and renewed his promise to return soon.

32. As it was not a great way to his father's capital, Prince Ahmed soon arrived there. The people, glad to see him again, received him with shouts of joy.

The prince told the story of his adventures, but without speaking of the fairy, and ended: "The only favor I ask of your majesty is to give me leave to come often and pay you my respects."

33. "Son," answered the sultan, "I cannot refuse your request; but I should much rather you would

resolve to stay with me. At least tell me where I may send to you if you should fail to come, or if I should think your presence necessary."

"Sir," replied Prince Ahmed, "what your majesty asks of me is part of a mystery. I beg of you to give me leave to remain silent on this subject."

34. The sultan pressed Prince Ahmed no more, but said to him: "Son, I penetrate no farther into your secrets, but can tell you that whenever you come you will always be welcome."

Prince Ahmed stayed but three days at his father's court, and on the fourth day returned to the fairy Peribanou, who did not expect him so soon.

35. A month after Prince Ahmed's return from paying a visit to his father, he went again, with the same attendance as before, but much finer, and was received by the sultan with the same joy and satisfaction. For several months he continued his visits, and each time with a richer and finer attendance than before.

36. At last some viziers, the sultan's favorites, who judged of Prince Ahmed's wealth and power by his magnificent appearance, said that it was to be feared Prince Ahmed might try to win the people's favor and to dethrone his father.

The sultan was far from thinking that Prince Ahmed could be capable of such a design, and said:



sp
ev
f:

the which
e seen and

"You are mistaken; my son loves me, and I am certain of his tenderness and fidelity."

37. But the favorites went on abusing Prince Ahmed, till the sultan said: "I cannot believe my son Ahmed is so wicked as you would persuade me he is; however, I am obliged to you for your good advice."

38. The talk of his favorites had so alarmed the sultan that he resolved to have Prince Ahmed watched, unknown to his grand vizier. So he sent for a female magician and said: "Go immediately and follow my son; watch him so as to find out where he retires, and bring me word."

39. The magician left the sultan, and, knowing the place where Prince Ahmed found his arrow, went immediately thither and hid herself near the rocks so that nobody could see her.

The next morning Prince Ahmed set out by day-break, according to his custom. The magician, seeing him coming, followed him with her eyes till suddenly she lost sight of him and his attendants.

40. As the rocks were very steep and craggy, the magician judged that the prince had gone either into some cave or into an abode of genies or fairies. Thereupon she came out of the place where she was hid and looked carefully about on all sides, but could perceive no opening. The iron gate which Prince Ahmed had discovered was to be seen and

"You are mistaken; my son loves me, and I am certain of his tenderness and fidelity."

37. But the favorites went on abusing Prince Ahmed, till the sultan said: "I cannot believe my son Ahmed is so wicked as you would persuade me he is; however, I am obliged to you for your good advice."

38. The talk of his favorites had so alarmed the sultan that he resolved to have Prince Ahmed watched, unknown to his grand vizier. So he sent for a female magician and said: "Go immediately and follow my son; watch him so as to find out where he retires, and bring me word."

39. The magician left the sultan, and, knowing the place where Prince Ahmed found his arrow, went immediately thither and hid herself near the rocks so that nobody could see her.

The next morning Prince Ahmed set out by day-break, according to his custom. The magician, seeing him coming, followed him with her eyes till suddenly she lost sight of him and his attendants.

40. As the rocks were very steep and craggy, the magician judged that the prince had gone either into some cave or into an abode of genies or fairies. Thereupon she came out of the place where she was hid and looked carefully about on all sides, but could perceive no opening. The iron gate which Prince Ahmed had discovered was to be seen and



"You are mistaken; my son loves me, and I am certain of his tenderness and fidelity."

37. But the favorites went on abusing Prince Ahmed, till the sultan said: "I cannot believe my son Ahmed is so wicked as you would persuade me he is; however, I am obliged to you for your good advice."

38. The talk of his favorites had so alarmed the sultan that he resolved to have Prince Ahmed watched, unknown to his grand vizier. So he sent for a female magician and said: "Go immediately and follow my son; watch him so as to find out where he retires, and bring me word."

39. The magician left the sultan, and, knowing the place where Prince Ahmed found his arrow, went immediately thither and hid herself near the rocks so that nobody could see her.

The next morning Prince Ahmed set out by day-break, according to his custom. The magician, seeing him coming, followed him with her eyes till suddenly she lost sight of him and his attendants.

40. As the rocks were very steep and craggy, the magician judged that the prince had gone either into some cave or into an abode of genies or fairies. Thereupon she came out of the place where she was hid and looked carefully about on all sides, but could perceive no opening. The iron gate which Prince Ahmed had discovered was to be seen and



Prince Ahmed went out with his attendants.

opened only by those whom the fairy Peribanou favored.

41. As Prince Ahmed never failed to visit the sultan's court once a month, the magician, about the time of his next visit, went to the foot of the rock where she had lost sight of the prince and his attendants, and waited there.

IV

42. The next morning Prince Ahmed went out, as usual, at the iron gate, with his attendants, and passed by the magician, whom he did not know to be such. Seeing her lying with her head against the rock and complaining as if she were in great pain, he pitied her, and his attendants carried her back through the iron gate into the court of the fairy's palace.

43. The fairy Peribanou came at once to see why the prince had returned so soon. Not giving her time to ask him the reason, the prince said: "Princess, I desire you to care for this poor woman."

44. The fairy Peribanou ordered two of her attendants to carry the woman into the palace.

While they obeyed the fairy's commands, she went to Prince Ahmed and whispered: "Prince, this woman is not so sick as she pretends to be; and I am very much mistaken if she is not an im-

postor, who will be the cause of great trouble to you. But be persuaded that I will deliver you out of all the snares that may be laid for you. Go and pursue your journey."

45. These words of the fairy's did not in the least frighten Prince Ahmed. "My princess," said he, "as I do not remember ever to have done or intended anybody an injury, I cannot believe anybody can have a thought of doing me one; but, if any one has, I shall not for that reason forbear doing good whenever I have an opportunity." Then he went on to his father's palace.

46. In the meantime the two women carried the magician into a very fine apartment, richly furnished. They made a bed for her, the sheets of which were of the finest linen, and the coverlet cloth-of-gold.

47. When they had put her into bed—for she pretended that her fever was so violent that she could not help herself in the least—one of the women went out and brought a dish full of a certain liquor, which she presented to the magician.

"Drink this liquor," said she; "it is the water of the Fountain of Lions, and a sovereign cure for all fevers. You will feel the effect of it in less than an hour's time."

48. The two women came in an hour later and found the magician up and dressed. "O admirable

medicine!" she said. "It has cured me even sooner than you told me it would, and I shall be able to continue my journey."

According to the fairy's orders, the two women then conducted the magician through several magnificent apartments into a large hall most richly furnished.

49. Peribanou sat in this hall on a throne of gold enriched with diamonds, rubies, and pearls of an extraordinary size, and attended on each hand by a great number of beautiful fairies, all richly clothed.

50. At the sight of so much splendor, the magician was so amazed that she could not speak.

However, Peribanou said to her: "Good woman, I am glad to see that you are able to pursue your journey. I will not detain you."

51. The magician went back and related to the sultan all that had happened, and how Prince Ahmed since his marriage with the fairy was richer than all the kings in the world, and how there was danger that he would come and take the throne from his father.

52. Now the favorites advised that the prince should be killed, but the magician advised differently: "Make him give you all kinds of wonderful things, by the fairy's help, till she tires of him and sends him away. As, for example, might you not ask him to procure a tent which can be carried in

a man's hand, and which will be so large as to shelter your whole army against bad weather?"

53. When the magician had finished her speech, the sultan asked his favorites if they had anything better to propose; and finding them all silent, he determined to follow the magician's advice.

V

54. Next day the sultan did as the magician had advised him, and asked for the great tent.

Prince Ahmed replied: "Though it is with the greatest reluctance, I will not fail to ask of my wife the favor your majesty desires, but I will not promise you to obtain it; and, if I should not have the honor to come again to pay you my respects, that will be the sign that I have not had success. But, beforehand, I desire you to forgive me and to consider that you yourself have reduced me to this extremity."

55. "Son," replied the sultan of the Indies, "I should be very sorry if what I ask of you should deprive me of the pleasure of seeing you again. Your wife would show that her love for you was very slight if she, with the power of a fairy, should refuse so small a request as this."

The prince went back, and was very sad for fear of offending the fairy. She kept pressing him to tell her what was the matter.

56. At last he said: "Madam, you may have ob-

served that hitherto I have been content with your love and have never asked you any other favor. Consider, then, I conjure you, that it is not I, but the sultan, my father, who begs of you a tent which is large enough to shelter him, his court, and his army from the violence of the weather, and which a man may carry in his hand. But remember it is the sultan, my father, who asks this favor."

57. "Prince," replied the fairy, smiling, "I am sorry that so small a matter should disturb you."

Then the fairy sent for her treasurer, to whom she said: "Nourgihan, bring me the largest tent in my treasury."

58. Nourgihan returned presently with the tent—which she could not only hold in her hand, but in the palm of her hand when she shut her fingers—and presented it to her mistress, who gave it to Prince Ahmed.

59. When Prince Ahmed saw the tent which the fairy called the largest in her treasury, he thought that she jested with him. Peribanou, perceiving this, said: "Nourgihan, go and set the tent up so that the prince may judge whether it be large enough for the sultan, his father."

60. The treasurer immediately carried it a great way off; and when she had set it up, one end reached to the palace, and the prince found it large enough

to shelter two greater armies than that of the sultan.

He said to Peribanou: "I ask my princess a thousand pardons for my incredulity. After what I have seen, I believe there is nothing impossible to you."

61. The treasurer took down the tent and brought it to the prince, who took it, and the next day mounted his horse and went with his attendants to his father's court.

The sultan, who was persuaded that there could not be such a tent as he had asked for, was greatly surprised when he saw it.

62. But he was not yet satisfied, and he requested his son to bring him some water from the Fountain of Lions, which was a sovereign remedy for all sorts of fevers. By the aid of the fairy Peribanou, Prince Ahmed found this fountain, passed safely through all the perils of the way, and returned to the sultan with the water he had required.

63. The sultan showed outwardly all the signs of great joy, but secretly became more jealous, and by the advice of the magician he said to Prince Ahmed: "Son, I have one thing more to ask of you, after which I shall expect nothing more from your obedience nor from your interest with your wife. This request is to bring me a man not above a foot and a half high, whose beard is thirty feet long, who

carries upon his shoulders a bar of iron of five hundredweight, which he uses as a quarterstaff."

64. Prince Ahmed, who did not believe that there was such a man in the world as his father described, would gladly have excused himself; but the sultan persisted in his demand, and told him the fairy could do more incredible things.

VI

65. The next day the prince returned to his dear Peribanou, to whom he told his father's new demand, which, he said, he looked upon to be a thing more impossible than the other two. "For," added he, "I cannot imagine there can be such a man in the world. How can my father suppose that I should be able to find a man so small and at the same time so well armed? What arms can I make use of to reduce him to my will?"

66. "Don't be frightened, prince," replied the fairy; "you ran a risk in getting the water of the Fountain of Lions for your father, but there is no danger in finding this man, who is my brother Schaibar. Far from being like me, he is of so violent a nature that nothing can prevent his resenting a slight offence; yet, on the other hand, he is so good as to oblige any one in whatever is desired. He is exactly as the sultan, your father, has described him.



There arose a thick cloud of smoke.

67. "I'll send for him, and you shall judge of the truth of what I tell you ; but prepare yourself not to be frightened at his extraordinary appearance."

"What ! my queen," replied Prince Ahmed ; "do you say Schaibar is your brother ? Let him be never so ugly and deformed, I shall be so far from being frightened at the sight of him that, as our brother, I shall honor and love him."

68. The fairy ordered a gold chafing dish to be set with a fire in it in the porch of her palace, and taking a perfume, she threw it into the fire, out of which there arose a thick cloud of smoke.

69. Some moments after, the fairy said to Prince

Ahmed: "See, here comes my brother." The prince immediately perceived Schaibar coming gravely, with his heavy bar on his shoulder; his long beard, which he held up before him; and a pair of thick moustachios, which he tucked behind his ears and which almost covered his face. His eyes were very small and deep-set in his head, and he wore a high cap; besides all this, he was very much hump-backed.

70. Schaibar, as he came forward, looked at the prince earnestly enough to chill the blood in his veins, and asked Peribanou who he was. To which she replied: "He is my husband, brother. His name is Ahmed; he is the son of the sultan of the Indies. The reason why I did not invite you to my wedding was that I was unwilling to divert you from an expedition in which you were engaged, and from which I heard with pleasure that you returned victorious, and so I took the liberty to call for you."

71. At these words, Schaibar, looking on Prince Ahmed favorably, said: "Is there anything, sister, wherein I can serve him? That he is your husband is enough to engage me to do for him whatever he desires."

"The sultan, his father," replied Peribanou, "has a curiosity to see you, and I desire that the prince may be your guide to the sultan's court."

72. Schaibar and Prince Ahmed set out for the sultan's court. When they arrived at the gates of the capital, the people no sooner saw Schaibar than they ran and hid themselves; so that Schaibar and Prince Ahmed, as they went along, found the streets all deserted till they came to the palace. There the porters, instead of keeping the gates, ran away, too, so that the prince and Schaibar advanced to the council hall, where the sultan was seated on his throne, giving audience.

73. Schaibar went boldly up to the throne, without waiting to be presented by Prince Ahmed, and addressed the sultan in these words: "Thou hast asked for me; see, here I am. What wouldst thou have with me?"

74. The sultan, instead of answering him, clapped his hands before his eyes to avoid the sight of so terrible an object; at which rude reception Schaibar was so much provoked, after he had taken the trouble to come so far, that he instantly lifted up his iron bar and killed the sultan before Prince Ahmed could intercede.

75. All that the prince could do was to prevent his killing the grand vizier by saying that this officer had always given the sultan good advice.

After this Schaibar said: "This is not yet enough; I will treat all the people in the same way if they do not immediately acknowledge Prince

Ahmed, my brother-in-law, for their sultan and the sultan of the Indies."

76. Then all that were there present made the air echo again with the repeated shouts of "Long life to Sultan Ahmed!" and immediately he was proclaimed through the whole town. Schaibar had him installed on the throne, and after he had caused all to swear fidelity to Ahmed, he brought Peribanou with all the pomp and grandeur imaginable, and had her crowned sultaness of the Indies.

I. **Sul'tan**: an Eastern king. **Hous'sain**. **Ah'med**. **Nour-ni hār**. **Disguised'**: dressed for the purpose of concealment. **Bis nā gār'**. **Trāns pōrt'éd**: carried. **Sām ar kānd'**. **Çer'é mô nles**: forms of politeness. **Côm mēnd'éd**: praised.

II. **Hēr mīt**: a man who lives apart from other people. **Rē nounçé'**: give up. **Lēagues**: a league is a measure of distance of from two to four miles. **Pōrt**: manner of carrying oneself. **Gé'nles**: spirits; powerful fairies. **Pē ri bā'-nou**. **Īn'fī nīte lý**: beyond measure; greatly. **Cōn jéc'tūre**: guess.

III. **É quipped'**: dressed; fitted out. **Pén'ê trāte**: pierce into. **Viz'iers**: in Eastern countries, officers of high rank. **Fī dēl'ī tỹ**: faithfulness.

IV. **Īm pōs'tor**: a cheat; one who imposes upon others. **Fōr beār'**: keep from. **Sōv'ēr eign**: effectual.

V. **Cōn jūre'**: beg earnestly. **Nour'gī hān**. **Īn crē dū'li tỹ**: unbelief. **Quar'tēr stāff**: a long, stout staff used as a weapon.

VI. **Mous tāç'h'ī çs**: mustache. **Dī vērt'**: turn aside. **Īn-tēr çēde'**: speak in his behalf. **Īn stāll'ed'**: placed in office.



William Cullen Bryant

The Planting of the Apple Tree

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

William Cullen Bryant (1794–1878) : An American poet and journalist. His most famous poem is “Thanatopsis,” written when he was only eighteen. Among his other poems are “To a Waterfowl,” “The Death of the Flowers,” and “To a Fringed Gentian.”

1. Come, let us plant the apple tree.
 Cleave the tough greensward with the spade;
 Wide let its hollow bed be made;
 There gently lay the roots, and there
 Sift the dark mold with kindly care,
 And press it o'er them tenderly,
 As round the sleeping infant's feet
 We softly fold the cradle sheet;
 So plant we the apple tree.

2. What plant we in this apple tree?
 Buds which the breath of summer
 days
 Shall lengthen into leafy sprays;
 Boughs where the thrush, with
 crimson breast,
 Shall haunt and sing, and hide her nest;
 We plant, upon the sunny lea,
 A shadow for the noontide hour,
 A shelter from the summer shower,
 When we plant the apple tree.



3. What plant we in this apple tree?
Sweets for a hundred flowery springs
To load the May wind's restless wings,
When, from the orchard row, he pours
Its fragrance through our open doors;
 A world of blossoms for the bee,
Flowers for the sick girl's silent room,
For the glad infant sprigs of bloom
 We plant with the apple tree.
4. What plant we in this apple tree?
Fruits that shall swell in sunny June,
And redden in the August noon,
And drop, when gentle airs come by,
That fan the blue September sky;
 While children come, with cries of glee,
And seek them where the fragrant grass
Betrays their bed to those who pass,
 At the foot of the apple tree.
5. And when, above this apple tree,
The winter stars are quivering bright,
And winds go howling through the night,
Girls, whose young eyes o'erflow with mirth,
Shall peel its fruit by cottage hearth,
 And guests in prouder homes shall see,
Heaped with the grape of Cintra's vine,
And golden orange of the line,
 The fruit of the apple tree.

6. The fruitage of this apple tree
 Winds and our flag of stripe and star
 Shall bear to coasts that lie afar,
 Where men shall wonder at the view,
 And ask in what fair groves they grew;
 And sojourners beyond the sea
 Shall think of childhood's careless day,
 And long, long hours of summer play
 In the shade of the apple tree.

7. Each year shall give this apple tree
 A broader flush of roseate bloom,
 A deeper maze of verdurous gloom,
 And loosen, when the frost clouds lower,
 The crisp brown leaves in thicker shower.
 The years shall come and pass, but we
 Shall hear no longer, where we lie,
 The summer's songs, the autumn's sigh,
 In the boughs of the apple tree.

8. And time shall waste this apple tree.
 Oh, when its aged branches throw
 Thin shadows on the ground below,
 Shall fraud and force and iron will
 Oppress the weak and helpless still?
 What shall the tasks of mercy be,
 Amid the toils, the strifes, the tears
 Of those who live when length of years
 Is wasting this little apple tree?



"Who planted this old apple tree?"

9. "Who planted this old apple tree?"

The children of that distant day
 Thus to some aged man shall say;
 And, gazing on its mossy stem,
 The gray-haired man shall answer them:
 "A poet of the land was he,
 Born in the rude but good old times;
 'Tis said he made some quaint old rhymes
 On planting the apple tree."

Cleave: cut; part. **Grēen'sward:** turf green with grass.
Lēa: meadow; field. **Çin'trá:** a town in Portugal. **The**
line: the Equator. **Sō'journ ěrs:** those who dwell for a time.

Ró'sé áte: rosy. **Máze**: a tangle; a network. **Věrdúr oús**: green. **Low'ér**: seem dark and gloomy. **Fraud**: deceit; cheat. **Quaint**: odd; curious.

Nests

Make yourselves nests of pleasant thoughts! None of us yet know, for none of us have been taught in early youth, what fairy palaces we may build of beautiful thoughts, proof against all adversity; bright fancies, satisfied memories, noble histories, faithful sayings, treasure-houses of precious and restful thoughts, which care cannot disturb, nor pain make gloomy, nor poverty take away from us; houses built without hands, for our souls to live in.

RUSKIN

Sir Isaac Newton

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

I

1. On Christmas Day, in the year 1642, Isaac Newton was born at the small village of Woolsthorpe, in England. Little did his mother think, when she beheld her new-born babe, that he was to explain many matters which had been a mystery ever since the creation of the world.

2. Isaac's father being dead, Mrs. Newton was married again to a clergyman and went to live at



Sir Isaac Newton

North Witham. Her son was left to the care of his good old grandmother, who was very kind to him and sent him to school.

3. In his early years Isaac did not appear to be a very bright scholar, but was chiefly remarkable for his ingenuity. He had a set of little tools and saws of various sizes, manufactured by himself. With the aid of these Isaac made many curious articles, at which he worked with so much skill that he seemed to have been born with a saw or chisel in hand.

4. The neighbors looked with admiration at the things which Isaac manufactured. And his old grandmother, I suppose, was never weary of talking about him.

"He'll make a capital workman one of these days," she would probably say. "No fear but what Isaac will do well in the world and be a rich man before he dies."

5. It is amusing to conjecture what were the expectations of his grandmother and the neighbors about Isaac's future life. Some of them, perhaps, fancied that he would make beautiful furniture. Others probably thought that little Isaac would be an architect, and would build splendid houses, and churches with the tallest steeples that had ever been seen in England.

6. Some of his friends, no doubt, advised Isaac's

grandmother to apprentice him to a clock-maker ; for, besides his mechanical skill, the boy seemed to have a taste for mathematics, which would be very useful to him in that profession.

7. And then, in due time, Isaac would set up for himself, and would manufacture curious clocks like those that contain sets of dancing figures which come from the dial-plate when the hour is struck ; or like those where a ship sails across the face of the clock and is seen tossing up and down on the waves as often as the pendulum vibrates.

8. Indeed, there was some ground for supposing that Isaac would devote himself to the manufacture of clocks, since he had already made one of a kind which nobody had ever heard of before. It was set a-going, not by wheels and weights like other clocks, but by the dropping of water.

9. This was an object of great wonderment to all the people round about ; and it must be confessed that there are few boys, or men either, who could contrive to tell what o'clock it is by means of a bowl of water.

10. Besides the water clock, Isaac made a sundial. Thus his grandmother was never at a loss to know the hour ; for the water clock would tell it in the shade and the dial in the sunshine. The sundial is said to be still at Woolsthorpe, on the corner of the house where Isaac dwelt.

11. If so, it must have marked the passage of every sunny hour that has passed since Isaac Newton was a boy. It marked all the famous moments of his life; it marked the hour of his death; and still the sunshine creeps slowly over it, as regularly as when Isaac first set it up.

12. Yet we must not say that the sundial has lasted longer than its maker; for Isaac Newton will exist long after the dial—yes, and long after the sun itself—shall have crumbled to decay.

II

13. Isaac possessed a wonderful power of gaining knowledge by the simplest means. For instance, what method do you suppose he took to find out the strength of the wind? You will never guess how the boy could compel that unseen, inconstant, and ungovernable wonder, the wind, to tell him the measure of its strength.

14. Yet nothing can be more simple. He jumped against the wind; and by the length of his jump he could calculate the force of a gentle breeze or a tempest. Thus, even in his boyish sports he was continually searching out the secrets of philosophy.

15. Not far from his grandmother's house there was a windmill which worked on a new plan. Isaac was in the habit of going thither frequently, and would spend whole hours in examining its various



The windmill

parts. While the mill was at rest he pried into its machinery.

16. When its broad sails were set in motion by the wind, he watched the process by which the millstones were made to turn and crush the grain that was put into the hopper. After gaining a thorough knowledge of its construction, he was observed to be unusually busy with his tools.

17. It was not long before his grandmother and all the neighborhood knew what Isaac had been

about. He had constructed a model of the windmill. Though not so large, I suppose, as one of the box traps which boys set to catch squirrels, yet every part of the mill and its machinery was complete.

18. Its little sails were neatly made of linen, and whirled round very swiftly when the mill was placed in a draught of air. Even a puff of wind from Isaac's mouth or from a pair of bellows was sufficient to set the sails in motion. And, what was most curious, if a handful of grains of wheat was put into the little hopper, they would soon be converted into snow-white flour.

19. Isaac's playmates were enchanted with his new windmill. They thought that nothing so pretty and so wonderful had ever been seen in the whole world.

"But, Isaac," said one of them, "you have forgotten one thing that belongs to a mill."

20. "What is that?" asked Isaac; for he supposed that, from the roof of the mill to its foundation, he had forgotten nothing.

"Why, where is the miller?" said his friend.

"That is true; I must look out for one," said Isaac; and he set himself to consider how the deficiency should be supplied.

21. He might easily have made a little figure like a man; but then it would not have been able to

move about and perform the duties of a miller. It so happened, however, that a mouse had just been caught in the trap; and, as no other miller could be found, Mr. Mouse was appointed to that important office.

22. The new miller made a very respectable appearance in his dark gray coat. To be sure, he had not a very good character for honesty, and was suspected of sometimes stealing a portion of the grain which was given him to grind. But perhaps some two-legged millers are quite as dishonest as this small quadruped.

23. As Isaac grew older, it was found that he had far more important matters in his mind than the manufacture of toys like the little windmill. All day long, if left to himself, he was either absorbed in thought or engaged in some book of mathematics or natural philosophy.

24. At night, I think it probable, he looked up with reverential curiosity to the stars and wondered whether they were worlds like our own, and how great was their distance from the earth, and what was the power that kept them in their courses. Perhaps, even so early in life, Isaac Newton felt that he should be able some day to answer all these questions.

25. When Isaac was fourteen years old, his mother's second husband being now dead, she

wished her son to leave school and assist her in managing the farm at Woolsthorpe. For a year or two, therefore, he tried to turn his attention to farming. But his mind was so bent on becoming a scholar that his mother sent him back to school, and afterwards to the University of Cambridge.

III

26. I have now finished my anecdotes of Isaac Newton's boyhood. My story would be far too long were I to mention all the splendid discoveries which he made after he came to be a man.

He was the first that found out the nature of light; for, before his day, nobody could tell what the sunshine was composed of.

27. You remember, I suppose, the story of an apple's falling on his head and thus leading him to discover the force of gravitation, which keeps the heavenly bodies in their courses. When he had once got hold of this idea, he never permitted his mind to rest until he had searched out all the laws by which the planets are guided through the sky.

28. This he did as thoroughly as if he had gone up among the stars and tracked them in their orbits. The boy had found out the mechanism of a windmill; the man explained to his fellow men the mechanism of the universe.

29. While making these researches he was accus-



There stood little Diamond, the author of all the mischief.

tomed to spend night after night in a lofty tower, gazing at the heavenly bodies through a telescope. His mind was lifted far above the things of this world. He may be said, indeed, to have spent the greater part of his life in worlds that lie thousands and millions of miles away ; for where the thoughts and the heart are, there is our true life.

30. Did you never hear the story of Newton and his little dog, Diamond? One day, when he was fifty years old, and had been hard at work more than twenty years studying the theory of light, he went out of his chamber, leaving his little dog asleep before the fire.

31. On the table lay a heap of manuscript papers containing all the discoveries which Newton had

made during those twenty years. When his master was gone, up rose little Diamond, jumped upon the table, and overthrew the lighted candle. The papers immediately caught fire.

32. Just as the destruction was completed, Newton opened the chamber door and perceived that the labors of twenty years were reduced to a heap of ashes. There stood little Diamond, the author of all the mischief. Almost any other man would have sentenced the dog to immediate death. But Newton patted him on the head, with his usual kindness, although grief was at his heart.

33. "O Diamond, Diamond," exclaimed he, "thou little knowest the mischief thou hast done!"

This incident affected his health and spirits for some time afterwards; but, from his conduct towards the little dog, you may judge what was the sweetness of his temper.

34. Newton lived to be a very old man, and acquired great fame. He was made a member of Parliament and was knighted by the king. But he cared little for earthly fame and honors, and felt no pride in the vastness of his knowledge. All that he had learned only made him feel how little he knew in comparison to what remained to be known.

35. "I seem to myself like a child," he observed, "playing on the sea-shore and picking up here and there a curious shell or a pretty pebble, while the

boundless ocean of truth lies undiscovered before me."

36. At last, in 1727, when he was fourscore and five years old, Sir Isaac Newton died—or, rather, he ceased to live on earth. We may be permitted to believe that he is still searching out the infinite wisdom and goodness of the Creator as earnestly, and with even more success, than while his spirit animated a mortal body.

He has left a fame behind him which will be as lasting as if his name were written in letters of light formed by the stars upon the midnight sky.

I. **Ĭn gē nū'ĩ tỹ**: skill; inventiveness. **Mán ũ fǎc'tured**: made. **Ar'ehĩ tǎct**: a person skilled in the art of building. **Mē ehǎn'ĩ cal**: relating to tools and machinery. **Vĩ brátes**: moves to and fro.

II. **Phi los'ophy**: the science or knowledge of things, their causes and effects. **Pried**: looked closely. **Hóp'pěr**: a box through which grain passes into a mill. **Con struc'tion**: manner of building; arrangement. **Cón vǎrt'ed**: changed. **De fi'cien cy**: want. **Quǎd'rụ pǎd**: an animal having four feet. **Rev er en'tial**: respectful; humble.

III. **Grav i ta'tion**: the law of nature by which all bodies are drawn towards one another. **Ôr'bits**: paths round the sun. **Mēeh'an ĩam**: Arrangement of the parts of anything. **Four-scôre**: eighty.

Who is here ?

It is I. It is he. It is she. It is we. It is they.

Who was here ?

It was I. It was he. It was she. It was we. It was they.

Answer the following questions, using the right words :

Who is there ? Who is coming ? Who is reading the book ? Who brought the flowers ?

It is not what we earn, but what we save, that makes us rich. It is not what we eat, but what we digest, that makes us strong. It is not what we read, but what we understand, that makes us wise. It is not what we intend, but what we do, that makes us useful.

Lucy

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

1. She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love;
2. A violet by a mossy stone,
Half hidden from the eye;
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky !
3. She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and, oh,
The difference to me !



From the painting by Jules Breton

The Song of the Lark

To a Skylark

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Ethereal minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!
 Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound?
 Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye
 Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?
 Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,
 Those quivering wings composed, that music still!

Ethereal: heavenly. **M**in'strel: poet; singer.

Tom Goes down to the Sea

BY CHARLES KINGSLEY

Charles Kingsley (1819-1875): An English clergyman, who was the author of several popular novels. He wrote two books for children which have become child classics—"The Heroes," a collection of Greek fairy tales, and "The Water-Babies."

This selection is from "The Water-Babies," which is a story about the strange and beautiful changes which go on in the water. Tom was a little chimney sweep whom the fairies changed into a water-baby. He had been a poor, neglected little boy, who was mischievous and unkind because he knew no better. At first he was a mischievous, unkind water-baby, and the water-creatures found no pleasure in playing with him, so that for a while he was very lonely. But, as he learned to be more kind and loving, he won friends. Here is the story of his journey in search of other water-babies, whom at last he found in the great sea.

1. And then, on the evening of a very hot day, Tom, the water-baby, saw a sight.

He had been very stupid all day, and so had the trout, for they would not move an inch to take a fly, though there were thousands on the water, but lay dozing at the bottom, under the shade of the stones; and Tom lay dozing, too, and was glad to cuddle their smooth, cool sides, for the water was quite warm and unpleasant.

2. But toward evening it grew suddenly dark, and Tom looked up and saw a blanket of black clouds lying right across the valley above his head, resting on the crags right and left. He felt not quite frightened, but very still, for everything was still. There was not a whisper of wind nor a chirp of a bird to be heard; and next a few great drops of rain fell plop into the water, and one hit Tom on the nose and made him pop his head down quickly enough.

3. And then the thunder roared, and the lightning flashed, and leaped across Vendale and back again, from cloud to cloud and cliff to cliff, till the very rocks in the stream seemed to shake; and Tom looked up at it through the water and thought it the finest thing he ever saw in his life.

4. But out of the water he dared not put his head; for the rain came down by bucketfuls, and the hail

hammered like shot on the stream and churned it into foam; and soon the stream rose, and rushed down, higher and higher, and fouler and fouler, full of beetles and sticks and straws and worms and this, that, and the other.

5. Tom could hardly stand against the stream, and hid behind a rock. But the trout did not; for out they rushed from among the stones, and began gobbling the beetles and leeches in the most greedy and quarrelsome way.

6. And now, by the flashes of lightning, Tom saw a new sight—all the bottom of the stream alive with great eels, turning and twisting along, all down stream and away. They had been hiding for weeks past in the cracks of the rocks and in burrows in the mud, and Tom had hardly ever seen them, except now and then at night; but now they were all out, and went hurrying past him so fiercely and wildly that he was quite frightened.

7. And, as they hurried past, he could hear them say to each other: "We must run, we must run. What a jolly thunder storm! Down to the sea, down to the sea!"

And then the otter came by with all her brood, saying: "Come along, children; we will breakfast on salmon to-morrow. Down to the sea, down to the sea!"

8. "Down to the sea?" said Tom. "Everything

is going to the sea, and I will go, too. Good-by, trout." But the trout were so busy gobbling worms that they never turned to answer him; so that Tom was spared the pain of bidding them farewell.

9. And now, down the rushing stream, guided by the bright flashes of the storm; past tall birch-fringed rocks, which shone out one moment as clear as day, and the next were dark as night; past dark hovers under swirling banks; on through narrow strids and roaring cataracts, where Tom was deafened and blinded for a moment by the rushing waters; along deep reaches, where the white water lilies tossed and flapped beneath the wind and hail; past sleeping villages; under dark bridge arches, and away and away to the sea.

10. And Tom could not stop and did not care to stop; he would see the great world below, and the salmon, and the breakers, and the wide, wide sea.

II

11. And when the day came, Tom found himself out in the salmon river. And after a while he came to a place where the river spread out into broad, still, shallow reaches so wide that little Tom, as he put his head out of the water, could hardly see across.

12. And there he stopped. He got a little frightened. "This must be the sea," he thought.

“What a wide place it is! If I go on into it, I shall surely lose my way or some strange thing will bite me. I will stop here and look out for the otter or the eels, or some one to tell me where I shall go.”

13. So he went back a little way and crept into a crack of the rock, just where the river opened out into the wide shallows, and watched for some one to tell him his way; but the otter and the eels were gone on miles and miles down the stream.

14. There he waited, and slept, too, for he was quite tired with his night's journey; and when he woke, the stream was clearing to a beautiful amber hue, though it was still very high.

15. Tom went on down, and, as he went, all the vale looked sad. The red and yellow leaves showered down into the river; the flies and beetles were all dead and gone; the chill autumn fog lay low upon the hills, and sometimes spread itself so thickly on the river that he could not see his way.

16. But he felt his way instead, following the flow of the stream day after day, past great bridges, past boats and barges, past the great town with its wharves and mills and tall smoking chimneys, and ships which rode at anchor in the stream; and now and then he ran against their hawsers and wondered what they were, and peeped out and saw the



Past the ships which rode at anchor in the stream

sailors lounging on board, and ducked under again, for he was terribly afraid of being caught by man and turned into a chimney sweep once more.

17. Poor little fellow! It was a dreary journey for him; and more than once he longed to be back in Vendale, playing with the trout in the bright summer sun. But it could not be. What has been once can never come over again. And people can be little babies, even water-babies, only once in their lives.

18. Besides, people who make up their minds to go and see the world, as Tom did, must needs find it a weary journey. Lucky for them if they do not lose heart and stop half way, instead of going on bravely to the end, as Tom did.

19. But Tom was always a brave, determined little English bulldog, who never knew when he was beaten; and on and on he held, till he saw a long way off the red buoy through the fog. And then he found, to his surprise, the stream turned round and running up inland.

20. It was the tide, of course; but Tom knew nothing of the tide. He only knew that in a minute more the water, which had been fresh, turned salt all around him. And then there came a change over him. He felt strong and light and fresh, and gave, he did not know why, three skips out of the water, a yard high, and head over heels,

just as the salmon do when they first touch the noble, rich salt water, which, as some wise men tell us, is the mother of all living things.

21. He did not care now for the tide being against him. The red buoy was in sight, dancing in the open sea; and to the buoy he would go, and to it he went. He passed great shoals of bass and mullet, leaping and rushing in after the shrimps, but he never heeded them nor they him; and once he passed a great, black, shining seal who was coming in after the mullet.

22. The seal put his head and shoulders out of water and stared at him. And Tom, instead of being frightened, said: "How d'ye do, sir? What a beautiful place the sea is!"

23. And the old seal, instead of trying to bite him, looked at him with his soft, sleepy, winking eyes and said: "Good tide to you, my little man; are you looking for your brothers and sisters? I passed them all at play outside."

24. "Oh, then," said Tom, "I shall have playfellows at last!" And he swam on to the buoy and got upon it—for he was quite out of breath—and sat there and looked round for water-babies; but there were none to be seen.

III

25. The sea breeze came in freshly with the tide and blew the fog away, and the little waves danced

for joy around the buoy, and the old buoy danced with them. The shadows of the clouds ran races over the bright, blue bay, and yet never caught each other up; and the breakers plunged merrily upon the wide white sands and jumped up over the rocks to see what the green fields inside were like, and tumbled down and broke themselves all to pieces and never minded it a bit, but mended themselves and jumped up again.

26. And the terns hovered over Tom like huge, white dragon-flies with black heads; and the gulls laughed like girls at play; and the sea-pies, with their red bills and legs, flew to and fro from shore to shore and whistled sweet and wild. And Tom looked and looked and listened; and he would have been very happy if he could only have seen the water-babies.

27. Then, when the tide turned, he left the buoy and swam round and round in search of them; but in vain. Sometimes he thought he heard them laughing; but it was only the laughter of the ripples. And sometimes he thought he saw them at the bottom; but it was only white and pink shells.

28. And once he was sure he had found one, for he saw two bright eyes peeping out of the sand. So he dived down and began scraping the sand away, and cried: "Don't hide; I do want some one to play with so much!"

And out jumped a great turbot, with his ugly eyes and mouth all awry, and flopped away along the bottom, knocking poor Tom over. And he sat down at the bottom of the sea and cried salt tears from sheer disappointment.

29. To have come all this way and faced so many dangers, and yet to find no water-babies! How hard! Well, it did seem hard; but people, even little babies, cannot have all they want without waiting for it, and working for it, too, my little man, as you will find out some day.

IV

30. And Tom sat upon the buoy long days, long weeks, looking out to the sea and wondering when the water-babies would come back; and yet they never came.

31. Then he began to ask all the strange things which came in and out of the sea if they had seen any; and some said "Yes," and some said nothing at all. He asked the bass and the pollock; but they were so greedy after the shrimps that they did not care to answer him a word.

32. Then there came in a whole fleet of purple sea snails, floating along, each on a sponge full of foam, and Tom said: "Where do you come from, you pretty creatures? and have you seen the water-babies?"

33. And the sea snails answered: "Whence we

come, we know not ; and whither we are going, who can tell? We float out our life in the mid-ocean. with the warm sunshine above our heads and the warm Gulf Stream below ; and that is enough for us. Yes, perhaps we have seen the water-babies. We have seen many strange things as we sailed along."

And they floated away, the happy, stupid things, and all went ashore upon the sands.

34. Then there came in a great, lazy sunfish, as big as a fat pig cut in half ; and he seemed to have been cut in half, too, and squeezed in a clothes-press till he was flat ; but to all his big body and big fins he had only a little rabbit's mouth, no bigger than Tom's ; and when Tom questioned him he answered him in a little, squeaky, feeble voice :

35. "I'm sure I don't know ; I've lost my way. I meant to go to the Chesapeake, and I'm afraid I've got wrong somehow. Dear me ! it was all by following that pleasant warm water. I'm sure I've lost my way."

And when Tom asked him again, he could only answer : "I've lost my way. Don't talk to me ; I want to think."

36. Then there came up a shoal of porpoises, rolling as they went—papas and mammas and little children—and all quite smooth and shiny, because the fairies French polish them every morning ; and they sighed so softly as they came by that Tom took



Tom and the lobster

courage to speak to them; but all they answered was, "Hush, hush, hush!" for that was all they had learned to say.

37. And then Tom left the buoy and used to go along the sands and round the rocks, and come out in the night and cry and call for the water-babies; but he never heard a voice call in return. And at last, with his fretting and crying, he grew lean and thin.

38. But one day among the rocks he found a playfellow. It was not a water-baby, alas! but it was a lobster; and a very distinguished lobster he was, for he had live barnacles on his claws, which is a great mark of distinction in lobsterdom.

39. Tom had never seen a lobster before, and he was mightily taken with this one, for he thought him the most curious, odd, ridiculous creature he had ever seen; and there he was not far wrong, for all the ingenious men and all the scientific men and all the fanciful men in the world could never invent, if all their wits were boiled into one, anything so curious and so ridiculous as a lobster.

40. He had one claw knobbed and the other jagged; and Tom delighted in watching him hold on to the seaweed with his knobbed claw, while he cut up salads with his jagged one, and then put them into his mouth after smelling at them like a monkey.

41. Tom asked him about water-babies. Yes, he said, he had seen them often. But he did not think much of them. They were meddlesome little creatures that went about helping fish and shells which got into scrapes. Well, for his part, he would be ashamed to be helped by little, soft creatures that had not even a shell on their backs. He had lived quite long enough in the world to take care of himself.

42. He was a conceited fellow, the old lobster, and not very civil to Tom. But he was so funny and Tom so lonely that he could not quarrel with him; and they used to sit in holes in the rocks and chat for hours.

I. **Bür'rówə**: holes in the ground made for homes by certain animals. **Hóv'érə**: covers; shelters. **Swírl'ing**: whirling. **Strídə**: passages between steep rocks or banks, so narrow that they look as if they might be crossed at a stride. **Cát'a ráctə**: great falls of water over steep places.

II. **Bärg'ə**: roomy boats to carry goods or passengers. **Haw'érə**: large ropes. **Buoy**: a floating object chained in place to mark a channel or to show the position of something under the water, as a rock. **Báas, Mül'lət**: kinds of fish.

III. **Törnə, Güllə**: long-winged sea-birds. **Sēa-piə**: shore birds, sometimes called oyster catchers. **Á wrý'**: twisted toward one side.

IV. **Pól'lóck**: a sea-fish something like the cod. **Pleasant warm water**: the Gulf Stream. What can you tell about it? **Shóal**: a great number; a crowd—said especially of fish. **Pór'póis ə**: sea animals. **Bär'ná clə**: small shell fish which fasten themselves on rocks, timbers, other animals, etc.

We trout lead a happy life. We swim about in the brooks. We shine like silver as we dart to and fro in the clear, cool water. We play in the shallow water; we hide in the deep pools. On warm days we lie in the shadow of the rocks.

Change the sentences so that only one trout shall speak: as, I lead a happy life. _____

Do not think of your faults, still less of others' faults; in every person who comes near you, look for what is good and strong; honor that; rejoice in it; and, as you can, try to imitate it; and your faults will drop off like dead leaves when their time comes.

Psalm XXIV

The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof ;
the world, and they that dwell therein.

For He hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.

Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord ? or
who shall stand in His holy place ?

He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart ; who
hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn
deceitfully.

He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and
righteousness from the God of his salvation.

This is the generation of them that seek Him,
that seek Thy face, O Jacob. Selah.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates ; and be ye lifted
up, ye everlasting doors ; and the King of glory
shall come in.

Who is this King of glory ? The Lord strong and
mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates ; even lift them
up, ye everlasting doors ; and the King of glory
shall come in.

Who is this King of glory ? The Lord of hosts,
He is the King of glory. Selah.



From the painting by Rosa Bonheur

Brittany Sheep

A Good Samaritan

BY GEORGE MACDONALD

George Macdonald (1824 —): A Scottish poet and novelist. Among his novels are "Robert Falconer," "Malcolm," "David Elginbrod," and "Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood." Macdonald wrote several books for children, of which the best known are "At the Back of the North Wind" and "The Princess and the Goblin."

1. The thousand streets of London gray
 Repel all country sights;
 But bar not winds upon their way,
 Nor quench the scent of new-mown hay
 In depth of summer nights.
2. And here and there an open spot,
 Still bare to light and dark,
 With grass receives the wanderer hot;
 There trees are growing, houses not—
 They call the place a park.
3. Soft creatures with ungentle guides,
 God's sheep from hill and plain,
 Flow thitherward in fitful tides,
 There weary lie on woolly sides,
 Or crop the grass amain.
4. In Regent's Park one cloudless day
 An over-driven sheep,
 Arrived from long and dusty way,
 Throbbing with thirst and hotness lay,
 A panting woolly heap.

5. But help is nearer than we know
 For ills of every name:
 Ragged enough to scare the crow,
 But with a heart to pity woe,
 A quick-eyed urchin came.
6. Little he knew of field or fold,
 Yet knew what ailed; his cap
 Was ready cup for water cold;
 Though rumpled, stained, and very old,
 Its rents were small—good-hap!
7. Shaping the rim and crown he went
 Till crown from rim was deep.
 The water gushed from pore and rent;
 Before he came one-half was spent—
 The other saved the sheep.

Rô pəl': drive away. **Ůn ġen'tle**: not gentle; rough.
Fit'ful: changeable. **Ā mĀin'**: busily.

The Spartan Three Hundred

I

1. About five hundred years before the birth of Christ, almost all the nations of Asia were under the rule of Xerxes, the king of Persia, whom the Greeks called the Great King. Xerxes had conquered tribe after tribe and nation after nation, until the greater part of the known world acknowledged his rule.

2. But the little free states along the eastern Mediterranean still remained unconquered, and against these states of Greece Xerxes was leading all the power of his mighty empire.

Ten years before, at the battle of Marathon, a small Greek army had defeated the Persian hosts, and Xerxes was resolved to avenge this humiliation.

3. At the battle of which I am going to tell you, the overwhelming numbers of the Persians did indeed win the victory, but the honor and glory of the day rest with the little band of Greek heroes who fought to the death for the freedom of their country.

4. The Persian army in advancing on Greece were obliged to march through a narrow pass, with the sea on one side and a steep precipice on the other. This pass was called Thermopylæ, and it was here that the Greeks resolved to make a stand. They did not know till they had marched to Thermopylæ that behind the pass there was a mountain path by which soldiers might climb round and over the mountain and fall upon their rear.

5. The Greek army encamped in the pass, between the narrow, northern gateway by which the enemy must enter, and a gateway to the south. They were protected in front by an old wall which they repaired.

6. The Greek general was Leonidas, a Spartan



This man rode up close to the Greek camp.

king. He had with him three hundred Spartans and a few thousand soldiers from other cities of Greece. The Persians outnumbered them a hundred to one. This small force was only the advance guard of the Greek army. But Leonidas thought that with it he could at least hold the pass till his countrymen could join him.

7. When Xerxes came near Thermopylæ, he sent a horseman forward to spy out the position of the Greeks who dared oppose him. This man rode up close to the Greek camp and saw the Spartans amusing themselves, running and wrestling, and combing out their long hair.

8. They took no notice of him, and he rode back to tell the king how few they were and how unconcerned. Xerxes sent for a Greek who was in his camp and asked what these things meant.

9. The Greek replied: "O king, I have told you before of these men, and you have laughed at me. They have come to fight with you for this pass. It is the Spartan custom to dress the hair with great care before a battle. Be assured that if you conquer the Spartans no other nation in the world will dare stand against you, O king. For you are now to engage with the noblest city and kingdom of all among the Greeks, and the most valiant men."

10. Xerxes did not believe what the Greek said. He waited four days to give the little band time to



"They have come to fight with you for this pass."

retreat. Then, as it still held its ground, in a rage he bade his warriors take the Greeks alive and bring them into his presence. Accordingly, the attack was made, but the Persians could not break a way into the Spartan ranks. Fighting in the narrow space at the mouth of the pass, they were unable to avail themselves of their numbers.

11. In wave after wave all day long they dashed themselves against the Greeks, and left their dead lying at the mouth of the pass. Thereby it was made clear to everyone, and not least to the great king himself, that men were many, but heroes few.

II

12. The next day the king ordered his own body-guard, called the Ten Thousand Immortals, to attack the holders of the pass. The Immortals were the picked soldiers of the whole army, but they fared no better than the others. Three times the king sprang from his throne in dismay as he saw his soldiers driven back with great loss. And on the third day the Persians fought with no better success.

13. While the king was in doubt what to do, a treacherous Greek came and told him about the path over the mountains. Xerxes at once sent soldiers along that path to attack the Greeks from the rear.

14. When the guards who had been stationed on the mountain brought news of the coming of the Persians, the Greeks were not agreed as to what they should do. Some wanted to retreat and abandon a position which it was now impossible to hold.

15. Leonidas bade them depart; but for him and his countrymen it was not honorable to turn their backs on any foe. For the manner of the Spartans was this: to die rather than yield. However sorely beset or overwhelmed by numbers, they never left the ground alive and unvictorious.

16. Leonidas had two kinsmen in the camp whom he tried to save by giving them messages and letters to Sparta. But one answered that he had come to

fight, not to carry letters; and the other said that his deeds would tell all that Sparta wished to know.

Another Spartan, when told that the enemy's archers were so numerous that their arrows darkened the

sun, replied: "So much the better; we shall fight in the shade."

17. Some of the Greeks retired, but a few resolved to stay with the brave Spartans. And now the Greeks under Leonidas did not wait to be attacked in front and rear, but marched out into the wide part of the path and assailed the Persians. The Persian officers drove their soldiers forward with whips. The poor wretches were pierced with the Greek spears, hurled into the sea, or trampled under foot.



A Spartan soldier

18. The Spartans, knowing that death awaited them, were desperate, and displayed the utmost possible valor. When their spears were broken, they assailed the Persians with their swords. And when the swords gave out, they fought with their daggers, and even with their hands and teeth, till not one living man remained among them.

19. When the sun went down, there was only a mound of slain, bristling with spears and arrows.

The heroic Spartans were buried on the spot where they fell, and over them was raised a column

with the inscription: "Strangers, go tell at Sparta that we lie here obedient to its laws."

20. The column and its inscription have long since perished, but the glory of the Three Hundred will endure forever.

I. **Xerxes**. **Humili'ation**: shame; disgrace. **Thermopylae**. **Léonidas**. **Assured'**: sure; certain. **Valiant**: brave.

II. **Abandon**: give up. **Bade**: ordered. **Sorely**: greatly. **Retired'**: went away. **Assailed'**: attacked. **Valor**: courage. **Inscription**: that which is inscribed or written, especially on a building or monument.

The Fairy Life

BY WILLIAM SHAKSPERE

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Courtesied when you have and kissed
The wild waves whist,
Foot it feately here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.

Hark, hark!

"Bow-wow,"

The watch-dog's bark:

"Bow-wow."

Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chancleer
Cry, "Cock-a-diddle-dow!"

Whist: still; quiet. **Feately**: nimbly. **Sprites**: spirits; fairies. **Burden**: the chorus of a song.

Charles Dickens

1. Charles Dickens, one of the most popular of English novelists, was born in 1812 at Portsmouth, where his father was a government clerk. When he was two years old, the family moved to London, and thence to Chatham dockyard.

2. Charles Dickens's father was poor; but, fortunately for the book-loving boy, among the few family possessions was a small library of good books, and he spent many hours poring over "The Vicar of Wakefield," "Robinson Crusoe," and the essays in "The Tatler," "The Spectator," and "The Idler." He and a boy cousin amused themselves during their holidays by getting up private theatricals, for which Charles wrote a play, "The Sultan of India," which was greatly admired by his boy friends.

3. These were happy, care-free days, but they soon came to an end. The family went back to London. The father first lost his government position, and then was sent to prison for debt, according to the law at that time. The mother went to live with the father in prison, and Charles had to earn his living by pasting labels on blacking-pots. His wages were only six shillings a week, and with this sum he had to support himself. The home was entirely broken up; even the precious books were sold; and these were sad, lonely days for the ten-year-old boy.

4. Things brightened a little when he took lodgings near the prison, where he could see his father and mother every day. As it was a family trait to look upon the bright side of things, even the prison life was not intolerable. By and by better days came, and Charles had two years of school life.

5. Then he became office boy in a lawyer's office. In his seventeenth year he became a reporter, having learned shorthand in the reading-room of the British Museum.

6. His career as a writer began a few years later, when he sent some sketches of street life to a magazine. These sketches were signed "Boz." They were so good that a year later he was employed to write similar articles for a newspaper, and they appeared in book form under the title, "Sketches by Boz."

7. This led to an offer by a publishing firm for a series of articles to appear with a set of comic drawings. Dickens wrote for them in 1836 the famous "Pickwick Papers." This consisted of sketches relating the adventures of an imaginary club of Londoners during their visits to the country. It made Dickens famous at once. The next year he published his first novel, "Oliver Twist." This struck a new note in fiction, and gave pitch to the life work of the author; for from this time he never wavered in his purpose, which was the portrayal of the life of the lower classes and the righting of social wrongs.



Charles Dickens

8. One of the most popular of Dickens's books is "David Copperfield," which is supposed to contain many reminiscences of the author's own early days. In this book occur some of the most famous of Dickens's characters.

9. Among his other works Dickens produced a series of tales called "The Christmas Stories." The first of these, "A Christmas Carol," appeared in 1843, and for a number of years he published a story of this kind every year. The most celebrated of these stories are "A Christmas Carol," "The Cricket on the Hearth," and "The Chimes." In these stories Dickens did more than give to the world pleasant and interesting tales of domestic life; he portrayed the true spirit of Christmastide, with its lessons of peace and good will.

10. Dickens also wrote "A Tale of Two Cities," "Nicholas Nickleby," and "A Child's History of England," which is a great favorite with young people. He died suddenly in 1870 and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

This selection is from "Bleak House," one of the best of Dickens's novels.

Shil'līngs: the shilling is a silver coin of Great Britain, equal in value to about twenty-four cents of our money. **Īn tōl'ēr ā blē**: not to be borne. **Pōr trāy'al**: description. **Rēm i nīs'cēn çēs**: recollections. **Çēl'ē brā tēd**: famous; well known.

Little Charley

BY CHARLES DICKENS

I

1. We found the house to which we had been directed by a friend of my guardian, and we went up to the top room. I tapped at the door, and a little shrill voice inside said: "We are locked in; Mrs. Blinder's got the key."

2. We had been prepared for this by Mrs. Blinder, the shopkeeper below, who had given us the key of the room.



The boy walked up and down.

3. I applied the key on hearing this, and opened the door. In a poor room, with a sloping ceiling, and containing very little furniture, was a mite of a boy, some five or six years old, nursing and hushing a heavy child of eighteen months. There was no fire, though the weather was cold; both children were wrapped in some poor shawls and tippets as a substitute. Their clothing was not so warm, however, but that their noses looked red and pinched and their small figures shrunken, as the boy walked up and down, nursing and hushing the child, with its head on his shoulder.

4. "Who has locked you up here alone?" we naturally asked.

"Charley," said the boy, standing still to gaze at us.

"Is Charley your brother?"

"No. She's my sister Charlotte. Father called her Charley."

5. "Where is Charley now?"

"Out a-washing," said the boy, beginning to walk up and down again, and taking the baby's nankeen bonnet much too near the bedstead by trying to gaze at us at the same time.

6. We were looking at one another and at these two children, when there came into the room a very little girl, childish in figure, but shrewd and older looking in the face—pretty faced, too—wearing a womanly sort of bonnet much too large for her and drying her bare arms on a womanly sort of apron. Her fingers were white and wrinkled with washing, and the soapsuds were yet smoking which she wiped off her arms. But for this she might have been a child playing at washing and imitating a poor work-woman with a quick observation of the truth.

7. She had come running from some place in the neighborhood, and had made all the haste she could. Consequently, though she was very light, she was out of breath and could not speak at first, as she stood panting, and wiping her arms, and looking quietly at us.

8. "Oh, here's Charley!" said the boy.

The child he was nursing stretched forth its arms and cried out to be taken by Charley. The little girl took it in a womanly sort of manner belonging to the apron and the bonnet, and stood looking at us over the burden that clung to her most affectionately.

9. "Is it possible," whispered my guardian, as we put a chair for the little creature and got her to sit down with her load—the boy keeping close to her, holding to her apron—"that this child works for the rest! Look at this! Look at this!"

10. It was a thing to look at. The three children close together, and two of them relying solely on the third, and the third so young and yet with an air of age and steadiness that sat so strangely on the childish figure.

II

11. "Charley, Charley," said my guardian, "how old are you?"

"Over thirteen, sir," replied the child.

12. "Oh, what a great age!" said my guardian. "What a great age, Charley!"

I cannot describe the tenderness with which he spoke to her, half playfully, yet all the more compassionately and mournfully.

13. "And do you live alone here with these babies, Charley?" said my guardian.



Little Charley came in.



s, sir," returned the child, looking up into his
with perfect confidence, "since father died."

'And how do you live, Charley? O Charley,"
my guardian, turning his face away for a mo-
ment, "how do you live?"

since father died, sir, I've gone out to work.
out washing to-day."

"God help you, Charley!" said my guardian.
You're not tall enough to reach the tub."

'In pattens, I am, sir," she said quickly. "I've
got a high pair that belonged to mother."

"And when did mother die? Poor mother!"

16. "Mother died just after Emma was born," said
the child, glancing at the face upon her bosom.
Then father said I was to be as good a mother to
her as I could. And so I tried. And so I worked
at home, and did cleaning and nursing and washing
for a long time before I began to go out. And that's
how I know how; don't you see, sir?"

17. "And do you often go out?"

"As often as I can," said Charley, opening her
eyes and smiling, "because of earning sixpences and
shillings."

18. "And do you always lock the babies up when
you go out?"

"To keep 'em safe, sir, don't you see?" said
Charley. "Mrs. Blinder comes up now and then,
and Mr. Gridley comes up sometimes, and perhaps "

can run in sometimes ; and they can play, you know, and Tom isn't afraid of being locked up. Are you, Tom ? ”

“ No—o ! ” said Tom, stoutly.

19. “ When it comes on dark, the lamps are lighted down in the court, and they show up here quite bright—almost quite bright. Don't they, Tom ? ”

“ Yes, Charley,” said Tom ; “ almost quite bright.”

20. “ Then, he's as good as gold,” said the little creature—oh ! in such a motherly, womanly way. “ And when Emma's tired, he puts her to bed. And when he's tired, he goes to bed himself. And when I come home and light the candle and have a bit of supper, he sits up again and has it with me. Don't you, Tom ? ”

21. “ Oh, yes, Charley,” said Tom. “ That I do ! ” And either in this glimpse of the great pleasure of his life, or in gratitude and love for Charley, who was all in all to him, he laid his face among the scanty folds of her frock and passed from laughing into crying.

22. It was the first time since our entry that a tear had been shed among these children. The little orphan girl had spoken of their father and their mother as if all that sorrow were subdued by the necessity of taking courage, and by her childish importance in being able to work, and by her bustling, busy way. But now, when Tom cried—although

she sat quite tranquil, looking quietly at us, and did not by any movement disturb a hair of the head of either of her little charges—I saw two silent tears fall down her face.

23. I stood at the window with Ada, pretending to look at the housetops, and the blackened stack of chimneys, and the poor plants, and the birds, in little cages, belonging to the neighbors, when I found that Mrs. Blinder, from the shop below, had come in—perhaps it had taken her all this time to get upstairs—and was talking to my guardian.

“It’s not much to forgive ’em the rent, sir,” she said. “Who could take it from them!”

24. “Well, well!” said my guardian to us two. “It is enough that the time will come when this good woman will find that it was much, and that forasmuch as she did it unto the least of these— This child,” he added, after a few moments, “could she possibly continue this?”

25. “Really, sir, I think she might,” said Mrs. Blinder, getting her heavy breath by painful degrees. “She’s as handy as it’s possible to be. Bless you, sir, the way she tended the two children after



Mrs. Blinder

the mother died was the talk of the yard. And it was a wonder to see her with him after he was ill, it really was. 'Mrs. Blinder,' he said to me, the very last he spoke—he was lying there—'Mrs. Blinder, I saw an angel sitting in this room last night along with my child, and I trust her to our Father.' ”

26. We kissed Charley, and took her down-stairs with us, and stopped outside the house to see her run away to her work. I don't know where she was going, but we saw her run—such a little, little creature, in her womanly bonnet and apron—through a covered way at the bottom of the court, and melt into the city's strife and sound like a dew-drop in an ocean.

III

27. One night, after I had gone to my room, I heard a soft tap at my door. So I said, "Come in," and there came in a pretty little girl, neatly dressed in mourning, who dropped a courtesy.

28. "If you please, miss," said the little girl, in a soft voice, "I am Charley."

"Why, so you are!" said I, stooping down in astonishment, and giving her a kiss. "How glad I am to see you, Charley!"

29. "If you please, miss," pursued Charley, in the same soft voice, "I'm your maid."

"Charley?"



"Don't cry, if you please, miss."

"If you please, miss, I'm a present to you, with Mr. Jarndyce's love."

30. I sat down with my hand on Charley's neck, and looked at Charley.

"And oh, miss," says Charley, clapping her hands, with the tears starting down her dimpled cheeks, "Tom's at school, if you please; and little Emma, she's with Mrs. Blinder, miss. And Tom, he would have been at school; and Emma, she would have been left with Mrs. Blinder; and I should have been here, all a deal sooner, miss; only Mr. Jarndyce thought that Tom and Emma and I had better get a little used to parting first, we were so small. Don't cry, if you please, miss."

31. "I can't help it, Charley."

"No, miss, I can't help it," says Charley. "And, if you please, miss, Mr. Jarndyce's love, and he thinks you'll like to teach me now and then. And, if you please, Tom and Emma and I are to see each other once a month. And I'm so happy and so thankful, miss," cried Charley, with a heaving heart, "and I'll try to be such a good maid!"

32. Charley dried her eyes, and entered on her functions, going in her matronly little way about and about the room, and folding up everything she could lay her hands upon.

33. Presently, Charley came creeping back to my side, and said: "Oh, don't cry, if you please, miss."

And I said again: "I can't help it, Charley."

And Charley said again: "No, miss; I can't help it." And so, after all, I did cry for joy, indeed, and so did she.

I. **Guárd'í an**: one to whose care a person or thing is committed. **Süb'stí tûte**: a person or thing put in place of another. **Nân kên'**: a kind of yellow cotton cloth. **Côn'-sê quënt lý**: accordingly; as a result.

II. **Com pas'sion ate ly**: pityingly. **Pát'tens**: wooden soles made to raise the feet above mud. **Grát'í tûde**: thankfulness. **Bús'íling**: noisy; active. **Trăn'quíl**: quiet; calm.

III. **Func'tions**: actions suitable to a business or profession. **Mă'trôn lý**: womanly; motherly.

Tray

BY ROBERT BROWNING

Robert Browning (1812-1889): An English poet. His poems are frequently difficult and obscure, but they are full of courage, manliness, and hopefulness, which appeal to young readers as well as to older ones. "The Pied Piper of Hamelin," "Hervé Riel," and "How They Carried the Good News from Ghent to Aix" are among the poems best liked by young people.

1. A beggar-child . . .

Sat on a quay's edge: like a bird
Sang to herself at careless play,
And fell into the stream. "Dismay!
Help, you standers-by!" None stirred.

2. Bystanders reason, think of wives
And children ere they risk their lives.
Over the balustrade has bounced
A mere instinctive dog, and pounced
Plumb on the prize. "How well he dives!

3. "Up he comes with the child, see, tight
In mouth, alive, too, clutched from quite
A depth of ten feet—twelve, I bet!
Good dog! What, off again? There's yet
Another child to save? All right!

4. "How strange we saw no other fall!
It's instinct in the animal.
Good dog! But he's a long while under:
If he got drowned I should not wonder—
Strong current, that against the wall!

5. "Here he comes, holds in mouth this time
—What may the thing be? Well, that's prime!
Now, did you ever? Reason reigns
In man alone, since all Tray's pains
Have fished—the child's doll from the slime!"

Bal'us trāde : a railing along the edge of a bridge or staircase. **Instinctive** : acting according to his nature.

The Golden Fleece

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

I

1. When Jason, the son of the dethroned king of Iolchos, was a little boy, he was sent away from his parents and placed under the queerest school-master that ever you heard of. This learned person was one of the people or quadrupeds called Centaurs. He lived in a cavern, and had the body and legs of a white horse, with the head and shoulders of a man. His name was Chiron; and, in spite of his odd appearance, he was a very excellent teacher.

2. The good Chiron taught his pupils how to play upon the harp, and how to cure diseases, and how to use the sword and shield, together with various other branches of education in which the lads of those days used to be instructed, instead of writing and arithmetic.

3. So Jason dwelt in the cave, with his four-footed Chiron, from the time that he was an infant only a few months old until he had grown to the full height of a man.

4. At length, being now a tall and athletic youth, Jason resolved to seek his fortune in the world. He had heard that he himself was a prince royal, and that his father, King Æson, had been deprived

of the kingdom of Iolchos by a certain Pelias, who would also have killed Jason had he not been hidden in the Centaur's cave. And being come to the strength of a man, Jason determined to set all this business to rights, and to punish the wicked Pelias for wronging his dear father, and to cast him down from the throne and seat himself there instead.

5. With this intention he took a spear in each hand, and threw a leopard's skin over his shoulders to keep off the rain, and set forth on his travels, with his long, yellow ringlets waving in the wind. The part of his dress on which he most prided himself was a pair of sandals that had been his father's. They were handsomely embroidered, and were tied upon his feet with strings of gold.

6. I know not how far Jason had traveled when he came to a turbulent river, which rushed right across his pathway, with specks of white foam among its black eddies, hurrying onward, and roaring angrily as it went. He stepped boldly into the raging and foamy current and began to stagger away from the shore.

7. Jason's two spears, one in each hand, kept him from stumbling and enabled him to feel his way among the hidden rocks. When he was half way across, his foot was caught in a crevice between two rocks, and stuck there so fast that, in the effort to get free, he lost one of his golden-stringed sandals.

8. After traveling a pretty long distance, he came to a town situated at the foot of a mountain, and not a great way from the shore of the sea. On the outside of the town there was an immense crowd of people. Jason inquired of one of the multitude why so many persons were here assembled.

9. "This is the kingdom of Iolchos," answered the man, "and we are the subjects of King Pelias. Our monarch has summoned us together that we may see him sacrifice a black bull to Neptune. Yonder is the king, where you see the smoke going up from the altar."

10. While the man spoke, he eyed Jason with great curiosity, for his garb was quite unlike that of the Iolchians, and it looked very odd to see a youth with a leopard's skin over his shoulders and each hand grasping a spear. Jason perceived, too, that the man stared particularly at his feet, one of which, you remember, was bare, while the other was decorated with his father's golden-stringed sandal.

11. "Look at him! only look at him!" said the man to his next neighbor. "Do you see? He wears but one sandal."

Upon this, first one person and then another began to stare at Jason, and everybody seemed to be greatly struck with something in his aspect; though they turned their eyes much oftener towards his

feet than to any other part of his figure. Besides, he could hear them whispering to one another.

12. Poor Jason was greatly abashed, and made up his mind that the people of Iolchos were exceedingly ill bred to take such public notice of an accidental deficiency in his dress. Meanwhile, whether it was that they hustled him forward, or that Jason of his own accord thrust a passage through the crowd, it so happened that he soon found himself close to the smoking altar where King Pelias was sacrificing the black bull.

II

13. The murmur and hum of the multitude, in their surprise at the spectacle of Jason with his one bare foot, grew so loud that it disturbed the ceremonies; and the king, holding the great knife with which he was just going to cut the bull's throat, turned angrily about and fixed his eyes on Jason.

"Ha!" muttered he, "here is the one-sandaled fellow, sure enough. What can I do with him?"

14. And he clutched more closely the great knife in his hand, as if he were half a mind to slay Jason instead of the black bull. The people round about caught up the king's words, indistinctly as they were uttered; and first there was a murmur among them, and then a loud shout.

"The one-sandaled man has come! The prophecy must be fulfilled!"

15. For you are to know that, many years before, King Pelias had been told that a man with one sandal should cast him down from his throne. On this account he had given strict orders that nobody should ever come into his presence unless both sandals were securely tied upon his feet.

16. In the whole course of the king's reign, he had never been thrown into such a fright as by the spectacle of poor Jason's bare foot. But, as he was naturally a bold and hard-hearted man, he soon took courage and began to consider in what way he might rid himself of this terrible one-sandaled stranger.

17. "My good young man," said King Pelias, taking the softest tone imaginable in order to throw Jason off his guard, "you are very welcome to my kingdom. Judging by your dress, you must have traveled a long distance; for it is not the fashion to wear leopard skins in this part of the world. Pray, what may I call your name? and where did you receive your education?"

18. "My name is Jason," answered the young stranger. "Ever since my infancy I have dwelt in the cave of Chiron the Centaur. He was my instructor and taught me music and horsemanship, and how to cure wounds, and likewise how to inflict wounds with my weapons."

19. "I have heard of Chiron the schoolmaster," replied King Pelias. "It gives me great delight to see one of his scholars at my court. But, to test how much you have profited under so excellent a teacher, will you allow me to ask you a single question?"



"I do not pretend to be very wise," said Jason. "But ask me what you please, and I will answer to the best of my ability."

20. Now King Pelias meant cunningly to entrap the young man and to make him say something that should be the cause of mischief and destruction to himself. So, with an evil smile upon his face, he spoke as follows:

"My name is Jason."

"What would you do, brave Jason," asked he, "if there were a man in the world by whom, as you had reason to believe, you were doomed to be ruined and slain—what would you do, I say, if that man stood before you and in your power?"

21. When Jason saw the malice and wickedness which King Pelias could not prevent from gleaming out of his eyes, he probably guessed that the king had discovered what he came for, and that he intended to turn his own words against himself.

22. Still he scorned to tell a falsehood. Like an upright and honorable prince, as he was, he determined to speak out the real truth. Since the king had chosen to ask him the question, and since Jason had promised him an answer, there was no right way save to tell him precisely what would be the most prudent thing to do if he had his worst enemy in his power.

23. Therefore, after a moment's consideration, he spoke up with a firm and manly voice.

"I would send such a man," said he, "in quest of the Golden Fleece."

24. This enterprise, you will understand, was of all others the most difficult and dangerous in the world. In the first place, it would be necessary to make a long voyage through unknown seas. There was hardly a hope or a possibility that any young man who should undertake this voyage would either succeed in obtaining the Golden Fleece or would survive to return home and tell of the perils he had run. The eyes of King Pelias sparkled with joy, therefore, when he heard Jason's reply.

25. "Well said, wise man with the one sandal!" cried he. "Go, then, and at the peril of your life bring me back the Golden Fleece."

"I go," answered Jason. "If I fail, you need not fear that I will ever come back to trouble you again. But if I return to Iolchos with the prize, then,

King Pelias, you must hasten down from your throne and give me your crown and scepter."

"That I will," said the king, with a sneer. "Meantime, I will keep them very safely for you."

III

26. The first thing that Jason thought of doing after he left the king's presence was to go to Dodona and inquire of the Talking Oak what course it was best to pursue. This wonderful tree stood in the center of an ancient wood. Its stately trunk rose up a hundred feet into the air and threw a broad and dense shadow over more than an acre of ground.

27. Standing beneath it, Jason looked up among the knotted branches and green leaves and into the mysterious heart of the old tree, and spoke aloud, as if he were addressing some person who was hidden in the depths of the foliage.

"What shall I do," said he, "in order to win the Golden Fleece?"

28. At first there was a deep silence, not only within the shadow of the Talking Oak, but all through the solitary wood. In a moment or two, however, the leaves of the oak began to stir and rustle as if a gentle breeze were wandering amongst them, although the other trees of the wood were perfectly still. The sound grew louder and became like the roar of a high wind.

29. By and by Jason imagined that he could distinguish words, but very confusedly, because each separate leaf of the tree seemed to be a tongue, and the whole myriad of tongues were babbling at once. But the noise waxed broader and deeper, until it resembled a tornado sweeping through the oak and making one great utterance out of the thousand and thousand of little murmurs which each leafy tongue had caused by its rustling. And now, though it still had the tone of mighty wind roaring among the branches, it was also like a deep bass voice speaking, as distinctly as a tree could be expected to speak, the following words :

“Go to Argus the shipbuilder, and bid him build a galley with fifty oars.”

30. Then the voice melted again into the indistinct murmur of the rustling leaves and died gradually away.

On inquiry among the people of Iolchos, he found that there was really a man in the city, by the name of Argus, who was a very skillful builder of vessels. At Jason's request, Argus readily consented to build him a galley so big that it should require fifty strong men to row it ; although no vessel of such a size and burden had heretofore been seen in the world.

The new ship, which was called the Argo, was soon made quite ready for sea. Jason visited the

Talking Oak again, and, standing beside its huge, rough trunk, inquired what he should do next.

31. This time there was no such quivering of the leaves throughout the whole tree as there had been before. But after a while Jason observed that the foliage of a great branch which stretched above his head had begun to rustle, as if the wind were stirring that old bough, while all the other boughs of the oak were at rest.

"Cut me off," said the branch, as soon as it could speak distinctly; "cut me off, cut me off, and carve me into a figure-head for your galley."

32. Accordingly, Jason took the branch at its word, and lopped it off the tree. A carver in the neighborhood engaged to make the figure-head. When the work was finished, it turned out to be the figure of a beautiful woman with a helmet on her head, from beneath which the long ringlets fell down upon her shoulders. On the left arm was a shield, and the right arm was extended as if pointing onward.

33. Jason was delighted with the oaken image, and gave the carver no rest until it was completed and set up where a figure-head has always stood from that time to this, in the vessel's prow.

"And now," cried he, as he stood gazing at the calm, majestic face of the statue, "I must go to the Talking Oak and inquire what next to do."

34. "There is no need of that, Jason," said a voice which, though it was far lower, reminded him of the mighty tones of the great oak. "When you desire good advice, you can seek it of me."

Jason had been looking straight into the face of the image when these words were spoken. But he could hardly believe either his ears or his eyes. The truth was, however, that the oaken lips had moved, and, to all appearance, the voice had proceeded from the statue's mouth.

35. Recovering a little from his surprise, Jason bethought himself that the image had been carved out of the wood of the Talking Oak, and that, therefore, it was really no great wonder, but, on the contrary, the most natural thing in the world that it should possess the faculty of speech.

36. "Tell me, wondrous image," exclaimed Jason—"since you inherit the wisdom of the Speaking Oak of Dodona, whose daughter you are—tell me where shall I find fifty bold youths who will take each of them an oar of my galley? They must have sturdy arms to row, and brave hearts to encounter perils, or we shall never win the Golden Fleece."

"Go," replied the oaken image, "go, summon all the heroes of Greece."

37. And, in fact, considering what a great deed was to be done, could any advice be wiser than this

which Jason received from the figure-head of his vessel? He lost no time in sending messengers to all the cities and making known to the whole people of Greece that Prince Jason, the son of King Æson, was going in quest of the Fleece of Gold, and that he desired the help of forty-nine of the bravest and strongest young men alive to row his vessel and share his dangers. And Jason himself would be the fiftieth.

38. At this news the adventurous youths all over the country began to bestir themselves. They came thronging to Iolchos and clambered on board the new galley. Shaking hands with Jason, they assured him that they did not care a pin for their lives, but would help row the vessel to the remotest edge of the world, and as much farther as they might think it best to go.

IV

39. If I were to tell you all the adventures of the Argonauts, it would take me till nightfall, and perhaps a great deal longer. There was no lack of wonderful events, any one of which would make a story by itself. After many adventures, they at last reached Colchis.

40. When the king of the country, whose name was Æetes, heard of their arrival, he instantly summoned Jason to court. The king was stern and cruel looking; and, though he put on as polite and hos-

pitiable an expression as he could, Jason did not like his face a whit better than that of the wicked King Pelias, who dethroned his father.

41. "You are welcome, brave Jason," said King Æetes. "Pray, are you on a pleasure voyage?—or do you meditate the discovery of unknown islands?—or what other cause has procured me the happiness of seeing you at my court?"

42. "Great sir," replied Jason, "I have come hither with a purpose which I now beg your majesty's permission to execute. King Pelias, who sits on my father's throne (to which he has no more right than to the one on which your excellent majesty is now seated), has engaged to come down from it and to give me his crown and scepter provided I bring him the Golden Fleece. This, as your majesty is aware, is now hanging on a tree here at Colchis, and I humbly solicit your gracious leave to take it away."

43. In spite of himself, the king's face twisted itself into an angry frown; for, above all things else in the world, he prized the Golden Fleece, and was even suspected of having done a very wicked act in order to get it into his own possession. It put him into the worst possible humor, therefore, to hear that the gallant Prince Jason and forty-nine of the bravest young warriors of Greece had come to Colchis with the sole purpose of taking away his chief treasure.

44. "Do you know," asked King Æetes, eyeing

Jason very sternly, "what are the conditions which you must fulfill before getting possession of the Golden Fleece?"

"I have heard," rejoined the youth, "that a dragon lies beneath the tree on which the prize hangs, and that whoever approaches him runs the risk of being devoured at a mouthful."

45. "True," said the king, with a smile that did not look particularly good-natured. "Very true, young man; but there are other things as hard, or perhaps a little harder, to be done before you can even have the privilege of being devoured by the dragon. For example, you must first tame my two brazen-footed and brazen-lunged bulls which Vulcan, the wonderful blacksmith, made for me.

46. "There is a furnace in each of their stomachs, and they breathe such hot fire out of their mouths and nostrils that nobody has hitherto gone nigh them without being instantly burned to a small, black cinder. What do you think of this, my brave Jason?"

"I must encounter the peril," answered Jason, "since it stands in the way of my purpose."

47. "After taming the fiery bulls," continued King Æetes, who was determined to scare Jason if possible, "you must yoke them to a plow, and must plow the sacred earth in the Grove of Mars, and sow some of the dragon's teeth from which Cadmus raised a crop of armed men. You and your nine

and forty Argonauts, my bold Jason, are hardly strong enough to fight with such a host as will spring up."

48. "My master, Chiron," replied Jason, "taught me long ago the story of Cadmus. Perhaps I can manage the quarrelsome sons of the dragon's teeth as well as Cadmus did."

"I wish the dragon had him," muttered King *Æetes* to himself. "We'll see what my fire-breathing bulls will do for him. Well, Prince Jason," he continued aloud and as complaisantly as he could, "make yourself comfortable for to-day, and to-morrow morning, since you insist upon it, you shall try your skill at the plow."

49. While the king talked with Jason a beautiful young woman was standing behind the throne. She fixed her eyes earnestly upon the youthful stranger, and listened attentively to every word that was spoken; and when Jason withdrew from the king's presence, this young woman followed him out of the room.

50. "I am the king's daughter," she said to him, "and my name is *Medea*. I know a great deal of which other young princesses are ignorant, and can do many things which they would be afraid so much as to dream of. If you will trust to me, I can instruct you how to tame the fiery bulls, and sow the dragon's teeth, and get the Golden Fleece."

51. "Indeed, beautiful princess," answered Jason, "if you will do me this service, I promise to be grateful to you my whole life long. But how can you help me to do the things of which you speak? Are you an enchantress?"

52. "Yes, Prince Jason," answered Medea, with a smile, "you have hit upon the truth. I am an enchantress. Circe, my father's sister, taught me to be one. It is well for you that I am favorably inclined; for, otherwise, you would hardly escape being snapped up by the dragon."

"I should not so much care for the dragon," replied Jason, "if I only knew how to manage the brazen-footed and fiery-lunged bulls."

53. "If you are as brave as I think you, and as you have need to be," said Medea, "your own bold heart will teach you that there is but one way of dealing with a mad bull. What it is I leave you to find out in the moment of peril. As for the fiery breath of these animals, I have a charmed ointment here which will prevent you from being burned up, and cure you if you chance to be a little scorched."

54. So she put a golden box into his hand and directed him how to apply the ointment which it contained, and where to meet her at midnight.

"Only be brave," added she, "and before day-break the brazen bulls shall be tamed."

55. The young man assured her that his heart would not fail him. He then rejoined his comrades, and told them what had passed between the princess and himself, and warned them to be in readiness in case there might be need of their help.

V

56. At the appointed hour he met the beautiful Medea on the marble steps of the king's palace. She gave him a basket in which were the dragon's teeth, just as they had been pulled out of the monster's jaws by Cadmus long ago. Medea then led Jason down the palace steps, and through the silent streets of the city, and into the royal pasture ground, where the two brazen-footed bulls were kept. It was a starry night, with a bright gleam along the eastern edge of the sky, where the moon was soon going to show herself.

57. At some distance before him he perceived four streams of fiery vapor, regularly appearing and again vanishing, after dimly lighting up the surrounding obscurity. These, you will understand, were caused by the breath of the brazen bulls, which was quietly stealing out of their four nostrils as they lay chewing their cuds.

58. At the first two or three steps which Jason made, the four fiery streams appeared to gush out somewhat more plentifully ; for the two brazen bulls

had heard his foot tramp and were lifting up their hot noses to snuff the air. He went a little farther, and by the way in which the red vapor now spouted forth he judged that the creatures had got upon their feet. Now he could see glowing sparks and vivid jets of flame.

59. Suddenly as a streak of lightning, on came the fiery animals, roaring like thunder and sending out sheets of white flame. Most distinctly Jason saw the two horrible creatures galloping right down upon him, their brazen hoofs rattling and ringing over the ground, and their tails sticking up stiffly into the air, as has always been the fashion with angry bulls.

60. Their breath scorched the herbage before them. But as for Jason himself, thanks to Medea's enchanted ointment, the white flame curled around his body without injuring him a jot.

61. Greatly encouraged at finding himself not yet turned into a cinder, the young man awaited the attack of the bulls. Just as the brazen brutes fancied themselves sure of tossing him into the air, he caught one of them by the horn and the other by his screwed-up tail, and held them in a grip like that of an iron vise, one with his right hand, and the other with his left. Well, he must have been wonderfully strong in his arms, to be sure.

62. But the secret of the matter was that the brazen



From the painting by George Varian

Engraved by E. Heinemann

Jason and the Brisen Bulls

bulls were enchanted creatures, and that Jason had broken the spell of their fiery fierceness by his bold way of handling them.

63. It was now easy to yoke the bulls and to harness them to the plow, and by the time that the moon was a quarter of her journey up the sky the plowed field lay before him, a large tract of black earth, ready to be sown with the dragon's teeth. So Jason scattered them broadcast.

The moon was now high aloft in the heavens and threw its bright beams over the plowed field, where as yet there was nothing to be seen.

64. But by and by all over the field there was something that glistened in the moonbeams like sparkling drops of dew. These bright objects sprouted higher, and proved to be the steel heads of spears. Then there was a dazzling gleam from a vast number of polished brass helmets, beneath which, as they grew farther out of the soil, appeared the dark and bearded visages of warriors struggling to free themselves from the imprisoning earth.

65. The first look that they gave at the upper world was a glare of wrath and defiance. Next were seen their bright breastplates; in every right hand there was a sword or a spear, and on each left arm a shield; and when this strange crop of warriors had but half grown out of the earth, they

struggled—such was their impatience of restraint—and, as it were, tore themselves up by the roots.

66. Wherever a dragon's tooth had fallen, there stood a man armed for battle. They made a clangor with their swords against their shields, and eyed one another fiercely; for they had come into this beautiful world, and into the peaceful moonlight, full of rage and stormy passions, and ready to take the life of every human brother, in recompense of the boon of their own existence.

67. For a while the warriors stood flourishing their weapons, clashing their swords against their shields, and boiling over with the red-hot thirst for battle. At last the front rank caught sight of Jason, who, beholding the flash of so many weapons in the moonlight, had thought it best to draw his sword.

68. In a moment all the sons of the dragon's teeth appeared to take Jason for an enemy; and crying with one voice, "Guard the Golden Fleece!" they ran at him with uplifted swords and protruded spears. Jason knew that it would be impossible to withstand this bloodthirsty battalion with his single arm, but determined, since there was nothing better to be done, to die as valiantly as if he himself had sprung from a dragon's tooth.

69. Medea, however, bade him snatch up a stone from the ground.

“Throw it among them quickly!” cried she. “It is the only way to save yourself.”

The armed men were now so nigh that Jason could discern the fire flashing out of their enraged eyes, when he let fly the stone, and saw it strike the helmet of a tall warrior who was rushing upon him with his blade aloft.

70. The stone glanced from this man’s helmet to the shield of his nearest comrade, and thence flew right into the angry face of another, hitting him smartly between the eyes.

Each of the three who had been struck by the stone took it for granted that his next neighbor had given him a blow; and instead of running any farther towards Jason, they began a fight among themselves.

71. The confusion spread through the host, so that it seemed scarcely a moment before they were all hacking, hewing, and stabbing at one another.

In an incredibly short space of time—almost as short, indeed, as it had taken them to grow up—all of the heroes of the dragon’s teeth were stretched lifeless on the field.

And there was the end of the army that had sprouted from the dragon’s teeth. That fierce and feverish fight was the only enjoyment which they had tasted on this beautiful earth.

VI

72. Agreeably to Medea's advice, Jason went in the morning to the palace of King Æetes. Entering the presence chamber, he stood at the foot of the throne and made a low obeisance.

"Your eyes look heavy, Prince Jason," observed the king; "you appear to have spent a sleepless night. I hope you have been considering the matter a little more wisely, and have concluded not to get yourself scorched to a cinder in attempting to tame my brazen-lunged bulls."

73. "That is already accomplished, may it please your majesty," replied Jason. "The bulls have been tamed and yoked; the field has been plowed; the dragon's teeth have been sown broadcast and harrowed into the soil; the crop of armed warriors have sprung up, and they have slain one another to the last man. And now I solicit your majesty's permission to encounter the dragon, that I may take down the Golden Fleece from the tree and depart with my nine and forty comrades."

74. King Æetes scowled and looked very angry and greatly disturbed; for he knew that, in accordance with his kingly promise, he ought now to permit Jason to win the Fleece if his courage and skill should enable him to do so.

75. "You never would have succeeded in this business, young man," said he, "if my undutiful

daughter Medea had not helped you with her enchantments. Had you acted fairly, you would have been at this instant a black cinder or a handful of white ashes. I forbid you, on pain of death, to make any more attempts to get the Golden Fleece. To speak my mind plainly, you shall never set eyes on so much as one of its glistening locks."

76. Jason left the king's presence in great sorrow and anger. But, as he was hastening down the palace steps, the Princess Medea called after him and beckoned him to return.

"What says King Æetes, my royal and upright father?" inquired Medea, slightly smiling. "Will he give you the Golden Fleece without any further risk or trouble?"

77. "On the contrary," answered Jason, "he is very angry with me for taming the brazen bulls and sowing the dragon's teeth. And he forbids me to make any more attempts, and positively refuses to give up the Golden Fleece whether I slay the dragon or no."

78. "Yes, Jason," said the princess, "and I can tell you more. Unless you set sail from Colchis before to-morrow's sunrise, the king means to burn your fifty-oared galley and put yourself and your forty-nine brave comrades to the sword. But be of good courage. The Golden Fleece you

shall have, if it lies within the power of my enchantments to get it for you. Wait for me here an hour before midnight."

79. At the appointed hour you might again have seen Prince Jason and the Princess Medea, side by side, stealing through the streets of Colchis, on their way to the sacred grove, in the center of which the Golden Fleece was suspended to a tree.

80. Jason followed Medea's guidance into the Grove of Mars, where the great oak trees that had been growing for centuries threw so thick a shade that the moonbeams struggled vainly to find their way through it. Only here and there a glimmer fell upon the leaf-strewn earth, or now and then a breeze stirred the boughs aside and gave Jason a glimpse of the sky, lest, in that deep obscurity, he might forget that there was one overhead.

81. At length, when they had gone farther and farther into the heart of the duskiness, Medea squeezed Jason's hand.

"Look yonder," she whispered. "Do you see it?"

Gleaming among the venerable oaks there was a radiance, not like the moonbeams, but rather resembling the golden glory of the setting sun. It proceeded from an object which appeared to be suspended at about a man's height from the ground, a little farther within the wood.

82. "What is it?" asked Jason.

"Have you come so far to seek it," exclaimed Medea, "and do you not recognize the meed of all your toils and perils when it glitters before your eyes? It is the Golden Fleece."

83. Jason went onward a few steps farther, and then stopped to gaze. Oh, how beautiful it looked, shining with a marvelous light of its own, that prize which so many heroes had longed to behold, but had perished in the quest of it either by the perils of their voyage or by the fiery breath of the brazen-lunged bulls!

84. "How gloriously it shines!" cried Jason, in a rapture. "It has surely been dipped in the richest gold of sunset. Let me hasten onward and take it to my bosom."

"Stay," said Medea, holding him back. "Have you forgotten what guards it?"

85. To say the truth, in the joy of beholding the object of his desires, the terrible dragon had quite slipped out of Jason's memory. Soon, however, something came to pass that reminded him what perils were still to be encountered.

86. An antelope, that probably mistook the yellow radiance for sunrise, came bounding fleetly through the grove. He was rushing straight towards the Golden Fleece, when suddenly there was a frightful hiss, and the immense head and half the scaly body

of the dragon were thrust forth—for he was twisted round the trunk of the tree on which the Fleece hung—and seizing the poor antelope, swallowed him with one snap of his jaws.

87. The dragon had probably heard the voices; for, swift as lightning, his black head and forked tongue came hissing among the trees again, darting full forty feet at a stretch. As it approached, Medea tossed a magic potion right down the monster's wide-open throat. Immediately, with an outrageous hiss and a tremendous wriggle, flinging his tail up to the tiptop of the tallest tree and shattering all its branches as it crashed heavily down again, the dragon fell at full length upon the ground and lay quite motionless.

88. "It is only a sleeping potion," said the enchantress to Prince Jason. "Quick! Snatch the prize and let us begone. You have won the Golden Fleece."

Jason caught the Fleece from the tree and hurried through the grove, the deep shadows of which were illuminated, as he passed, by the golden glory of the precious object that he bore along.

89. Jason found the heroes seated on the benches of the galley, with their oars held perpendicularly, ready to let fall into the water.

As he drew near, he heard the Talking Image calling to him with more than ordinary eagerness, in its grave, sweet voice:

"Make haste, Prince Jason ! For your life, make haste !"

90. With one bound, he leaped aboard. At sight of the glorious radiance of the Golden Fleece, the nine and forty heroes gave a mighty shout, and Orpheus, striking his harp, sang a song of triumph, to the cadence of which the galley flew over the water, homeward bound, as if careering along with wings.



The galley flew over the water.

I. **Jā'son.** **Ī ō'ehōs.** **Çen'taur.** **Chī'rōn.** **Æ'son.** **Pē'li ās.** **Sān'dals:** shoes consisting of soles strapped to the feet. **Tūr'bū lent:** disturbed ; roused to great commotion. **Nēptūne.** **Gärb:** dress.

II. **Mäl'çe:** ill will. **Quēst:** search.

Scēp'tēr: a staff carried by a king as a sign of his authority.

III. **Dō dō'nā.** **Ärgus.** **Gäl'leŷ:** a vessel with oars, used by ancient people. **Prow:** the forepart of a vessel. **Stār'dŷ:** strong. **Ēn coun'tēr:** meet.

IV. **Cōl'ehis.** **Æ ē'tea.** **Mēd'i tātē:** intend ; think seriously. **Sō liç'it:** ask earnestly. **Vul'can.** **Cād'mus.** **Ärgō nauts.** **Cōm'plāi sānt lŷ:** politely. **Mē de'ā.**

V. **Öb scū'rī tŷ:** darkness. **Clān'gor:** a sharp, harsh, ringingsound. **Prō trūd'ed:** thrust out. **Bat tal'ion:** body of troops.

VI. **Ö beŷ'sançe:** bow. **Sūs pēnd'ed:** hung. **Mēed:** reward. **Portion:** drink ; dose ; usually of liquid medicine. **Īl lū'mī nāt ēd:** lighted up ; brightened. **Or'pheus.** **Cā'dençe:** the close or fall of a strain of music.



Key composing "The Star-Spangled Banner"

The Star-Spangled Banner

BY FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

Francis Scott Key (1780-1843): An American lawyer, who will be remembered as the author of "The Star-Spangled Banner."

During the second war with England, in 1814, the British made an attack upon the city of Baltimore. The British war ships moved up near Fort McHenry and opened a heavy fire of cannon balls, bomb shells, and rockets. These latter were made like our well-known sky rockets, and could be thrown at the enemy.

During the battle some Americans, one of whom was Francis Scott Key, carried a flag of truce out to the British

fleet to secure the release of an American citizen who had been taken prisoner. The Americans were detained over night on a ship far to the rear of the attack. During the night they listened anxiously to the sound of the guns, and watched the red rockets and the bursting bombs, being sure that, as long as the firing continued, the fort still held out ; but late in the night the guns became silent. Did it mean that the attack had been repulsed ? Or had the fort surrendered ? Only daylight would tell.

Before dawn the anxious Americans were watching. The first faint light of day showed them the stars and stripes still floating over the fort ; then they knew that the attack had failed and that the Americans were victorious.

While on the deck of the British war ship, Mr. Key composed the poem which has become our national anthem.

1. Oh, say ! can you see, by the dawn's early light,
 What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's
 last gleaming—
 Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through
 the clouds of the fight,
 O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly
 streaming ?
 And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting
 in air,
 Gave proof through the night that our flag was
 still there.
 Oh, say ! does that star-spangled banner yet
 wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the
 brave ?

2. On that shore dimly seen through the mists of
 the deep,
 Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence
 reposes,
 What is that which the breeze o'er the tower-
 ing steep,
 As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now dis-
 closes?
 Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first
 beam;
 In full glory reflected now shines on the
 stream;
 'Tis the star-spangled banner; oh! long may it
 wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the
 brave!
3. And where is that band who so vauntingly
 swore
 That the havoc of war and the battle's con-
 fusion
 A home and a country should leave us no
 more?
 Their blood has washed out their foul foot-
 steps' pollution;
 No refuge could save the hireling and slave
 From the terror of flight or the gloom of the
 grave;

And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth
wave

O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

4. Oh ! thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and war's desolation !
Blessed with victory and peace, may the heaven-
rescued land

Praise the Power that hath made and pre-
served us a nation !

Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust ;"
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall
wave

O'er the land of the free and the home of the
brave.

Rām'pārts: walls surrounding a place for its defence.
Tow'ēr ing: very high. **Vāunt'ing lŷ**: boastingly ; brag-
gingly. **Hāv'oc**: destruction ; ruin. **Pol lu'tion**: unclean-
ness. **Hīre'ling**: one who serves for gain only.

Young men, you are the architects of your own
fortunes. Rely on your own strength of body and
soul. Take for your star self-reliance. Energy,
invincible determination, with a right motive, are
the levers that move the world. Love your God
and your fellowmen. Love truth and virtue. Love
your country and obey its laws.

My Native Land

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT

Sir Walter Scott (1771–1832): A Scotch poet and novelist. “Marmion,” “The Lady of the Lake,” and “The Lay of the Last Minstrel” are considered the best of his poems; and of his many novels probably “Ivanhoe” and “Kenilworth” are most read. Children enjoy “The Tales of a Grandfather,” stories from Scottish history written for his own little grandson.

This selection is from “The Lay of the Last Minstrel.”

1. Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
 Who never to himself hath said,
 “‘This is my own, my native land!’”
 Whose heart hath ne’er within him burned,
 As home his footsteps he hath turned
 From wandering on a foreign strand?

2. If such there breathe, go, mark him well!
 For him no minstrel raptures swell.
 High though his titles, proud his name,
 Boundless his wealth as wish can claim—
 Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
 The wretch, concentered all in self,
 Living shall forfeit fair renown,
 And, doubly dying, shall go down
 To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
 Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

Stränd: shore. **Pelf:** money; riches. **Cön cön’tëred:** concentrated; fixed.

. Hunting the Grizzly *

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Theodore Roosevelt (1858 —): An American prominent in public life. He was made Assistant Secretary of the Navy in 1897, and the next year resigned to organize with Dr. Leonard Wood the First U. S. Cavalry Volunteers, popularly called Roosevelt's Rough Riders. The regiment distinguished itself in action in Cuba, and Roosevelt was made colonel for gallantry in the battle of La Quasina. In 1898 he was elected Governor of New York. He has done much big game shooting in the West, and is the author of a number of books, among which are "The Winning of the West" and "The Life of Gouverneur Morris."

I

1. That evening we almost had a visit from one of the animals we were after. Several times we had heard at night the musical calling of the bull elk—a sound to which no writer has as yet done justice.



A grizzly bear

2. This particular night, when we were in bed and the fire was smoldering, we were roused by a ruder noise—a kind of grunting or roaring whine, answered by the frightened snorts of the ponies. It was a bear which had evidently not seen the fire, as it came from behind the bank, and had probably been attracted by the smell of the horses.

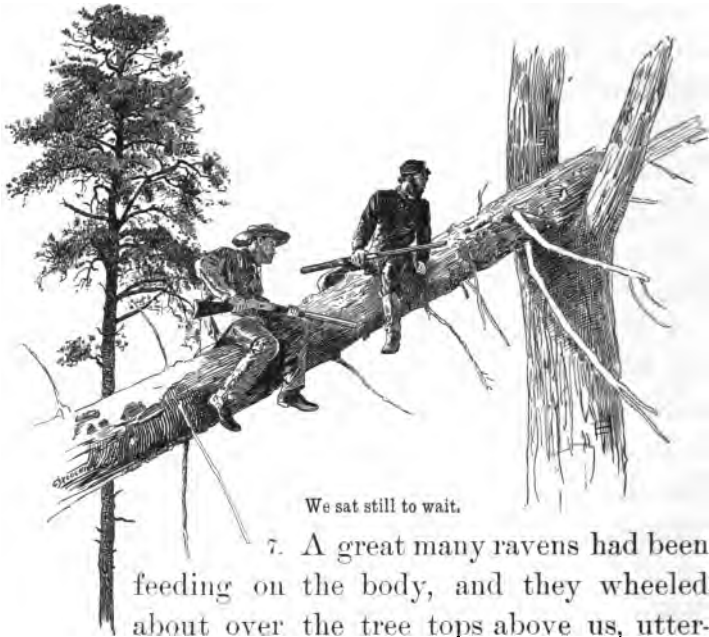
* From "Hunting Trips of a Ranchman," published by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons

3. After it made out what we were, it stayed round a short while, again uttered its peculiar roaring grunt and went off. We had seized our rifles and had run out into the woods, but in the darkness could see nothing; indeed, it was rather lucky we did not stumble across the bear, as he could have made short work of us when we were at such a disadvantage.

4. Next day we went off on a long tramp through the woods and along the sides of the canyons. There were plenty of berry bushes growing in clusters, and all around these there were fresh tracks of bear. But the grizzly is also a flesh-eater, and has a great liking for carrion.

5. On visiting the place where Merrifield had killed the black bear, we found that the grizzlies had been there before us, and had utterly devoured the carcass, with cannibal relish. Hardly a scrap was left, and we turned our steps toward where lay the bull elk I had killed.

6. It was quite late in the afternoon when we reached the place. A grizzly had evidently been at the carcass during the preceding night, for his great footprints were in the ground all around it, and the carcass itself was gnawed and torn and partially covered with earth and leaves; for the grizzly has a curious habit of burying all of his prey that he does not at the moment need.



We sat still to wait.

7. A great many ravens had been feeding on the body, and they wheeled about over the tree tops above us, uttering their barking croaks.

8. The forest was composed mainly of what are called ridge-pole pines, which grow close together, and do not branch out until the stems are thirty or forty feet from the ground. Beneath these trees we walked over a carpet of pine needles, upon which our moccasined feet made no sound. The woods seemed vast and lonely, and their silence was broken now and then by the strange noises always to be heard in the great forests, and which seem to mark the sad and everlasting unrest of the wilderness.

9. We climbed up along the trunk of a dead tree which had toppled over until its upper branches struck in the limb crotch of another, that thus supported it at an angle halfway in its fall. When above the ground far enough to prevent the bear's smelling us, we sat still to wait for his approach until, in the gathering gloom, we could no longer see the sights of our rifles, and could but dimly make out the carcass of the great elk.

10. It was useless to wait longer, and we clambered down, and stole out to the edge of the woods. The forest here covered one side of a steep, almost canyon-like ravine, whose other side was bare, except of rock and sage brush. Once out from under the trees there was still plenty of light, although the sun had set, and we crossed over some fifty yards to the opposite hillside and crouched down under a bush to see if perchance some animal might not also leave the cover.

11. To our right the ravine sloped downward toward the valley of the Bighorn River, and far on its other side we could catch a glimpse of the great main chain of the Rockies, their snow peaks glinting crimson in the light of the set sun.

12. Again we waited quietly in the growing dusk, until the pine trees in our front blended into one dark, frowning mass. We saw nothing; but the wild creatures of the forest had begun to stir abroad.

The owls hooted dismally from the tops of the tall trees, and two or three times a harsh, wailing cry, probably the voice of some lynx or wolverine, arose from the depths of the woods.

13. At last, as we were rising to leave, we heard the sound of the breaking of a dead stick from the spot where we knew the carcass lay. It was a sharp, sudden noise, perfectly distinct from the natural creaking and snapping of the branches; just such a sound as would be made by the tread of some heavy creature. "Old Ephraim" had come back to the carcass.

14. A minute afterward, listening with strained ears, we heard him brush by some dry twigs. It was entirely too dark to go in after him; but we made up our minds that on the morrow he should be ours.

II

15. Early the next morning we were over at the elk carcass, and, as we expected, found that the bear had eaten his fill at it during the night. His tracks showed him to be an immense fellow, and were so fresh that we doubted if he had left long before we arrived; and we made up our minds to follow him up and try to find his lair.

16. My companion was a skillful tracker, and we took up the trail at once. For some distance it led over the soft, yielding carpet of moss and pine

needles, and the footprints were quite easily made out, although we could follow them but slowly; for we had, of course, to keep a sharp lookout ahead and around us as we walked noiselessly on in the somber half light always prevailing under the great pine trees.

17. We made no sound ourselves, and every little sudden noise sent a thrill through me as I peered about, with each sense on the alert. Two or three of the ravens that we had scared from the carcass flew overhead, croaking hoarsely; and the pine tops moaned and sighed in the slight breeze—for pine trees seem to be ever in motion, no matter how light the wind.

18. After going a few hundred yards the tracks turned off on a well-beaten path made by the elk; the woods were in many places cut up by these game trails, which had often become as distinct as ordinary footpaths. The beast's footprints were perfectly plain in the dust, and he had lumbered along up the path until near the middle of the hillside, where the ground broke away and there were hollows and boulders.

19. Here there had been a windfall, and the dead trees lay among the living, piled across one another in all directions; while between and around them sprouted up a thick growth of young spruces and other evergreens. The trail turned off into the

tangled thicket, within which it was almost certain we would find our quarry.

20. We could still follow the tracks, by the slight scrapes of the claws on the bark, or by the bent and broken twigs; and we advanced with noiseless caution, slowly climbing over the dead tree trunks and upturned stumps, and not letting a branch rustle or catch on our clothes. When in the middle of the thicket, we crossed what was almost a breastwork of fallen logs, and Merrifield, who was leading, passed by the upright stem of a great pine.

21. As soon as he was by it he sank suddenly on one knee, turning half round, his face fairly aflame with excitement; and as I strode past him, with my rifle at the ready, there, not ten steps off, was the great bear, slowly rising from his bed among the young spruces. He had heard us, but apparently hardly knew exactly where or what we were, for he reared up on his haunches, sideways to us.

22. Then he saw us and dropped down again on all fours, the shaggy hair on his neck and shoulders seeming to bristle as he turned toward us. As he sank down on his fore feet I had raised the rifle; his head was bent slightly down, and when I saw the top of the white bead fairly between his small, glittering, evil eyes, I pulled the trigger.

23. Half rising up, the huge beast fell over on his side in the death throes, the ball having gone into



He reared up on his haunches.

his brain, striking as fairly between the eyes as if the distance had been measured by a carpenter's rule.

24. The whole thing was over in twenty seconds from the time I caught sight of the game ; indeed, it was over so quickly that the grizzly did not have time to show fight at all, or come a step toward us. It was the first I had ever seen, and I felt not a little proud as I stood over the great brindled bulk which lay stretched out at length in the cool shade of the evergreens.

25. Hé was a monstrous fellow, much larger than

any I have seen since, whether alive or brought in dead by the hunters. As near as we could estimate—for of course we had nothing with which to weigh more than very small portions—he must have weighed about twelve hundred pounds; and though this is not so large as some of his kind are said to grow in California, it is yet a very unusual size for a bear. He was a good deal heavier than any of our horses; and it was with the greatest difficulty that we were able to skin him.

26. He must have been very old, his teeth and claws being all worn down and blunted; but nevertheless he had been living in plenty, for he was as fat as a prize hog, the layers of his back being a finger's length in thickness.

27. He was still in the summer coat, his hair being short, and in color a curious brindled brown, somewhat like that of certain bulldogs; while all the bears we shot afterward had the long, thick winter fur, cinnamon or yellowish brown.

28. By the way, the name of this bear has reference to its character and not to its color, and should, I suppose, be properly spelled "grisly"—in the sense of horrible, exactly as we speak of a "grisly specter"—and not "grizzly;" but perhaps the latter way of spelling it is too well established to be now changed.

I. **Smôl'děr ing** : burning and smoking without flame. **Căn'yông** : deep gorges or hollows between steep banks, worn by water courses. **Că'r'i ỏn** : dead bodies of animals, unfit for food. **Căn'ni bal** : an animal that devours its own kind. **Săge brűsh** : a low shrub which grows in great quantities on the plains of the Western United States. "**Old Ephraim**" : a hunter's name for the grizzly bear.

II. **Lăir** : the bed of a wild beast. **On the alert** : on the lookout against danger. **Bỏw'l'dẻr** : large stones worn smooth by the action of water ; rocks, rounded or not, carried by natural agencies far from their native bed. **Wind'făl** : portion of a forest blown down in a wind storm. **Quar'ry** : the animal hunted for. **Spẻc'tẻr** : ghost.

The spring is pleasant. The air is warm. Flowers are in blossom. The days and nights are equal.

Summer also will be pleasant. The air will be hot. Many flowers will be in blossom. The days will be long.

Winter was not so pleasant. The air was cold. The flowers were not in blossom. The days were short.

Which sentences tell (1) how things are now ; (2) how they were ; (3) how they will be ?

Write these sentences as if (1) winter were here ; (2) as if it were still to come.

Words in Fourth Reader

à bǎn'dòn: give up.	bǎdē: ordered.
ác'cũ rà çy: correctness.	bǎzm: a gummy substance which flows from the fir tree.
AĒ'sǒn.	bǎl'sam: a gummy substance which flows from the fir tree.
ĀE ē'tēs.	bǎl'ūs trǎdē: a railing along the edge of a bridge or staircase.
Äh'mēd.	bǎrg'ēs: roomy boats to carry goods or passengers.
à māin': busily.	bār'ná clēs: small shellfish which fasten themselves on rocks, timbers, other animals, etc.
à mǎze'ment: surprise.	bāss: a kind of fish.
Ä'pī ā.	bǎt tǎl'ion (yŭn): body of troops.
är'ehĩ tēct: a person skilled in the art of building.	bǎ zǎar': in the East a shop where goods are kept for sale.
Är'gō nauts.	bē likē': perhaps.
Är'gus.	bē nēv'ō lent: kind.
ās'pēct: appearance; look.	
ās pīr'ing: rising upward.	
ās sǎiled': attacked.	
ās sēv'ēr āt ēd: said earnestly.	
ās sured (shurd'): sure; certain.	
à sūn'dēr: apart; in two.	
āt'nōs phere (fēr): air.	
à wēa'rŷ: tired.	
à wŕy': twisted toward one side.	

bê nũmbed' : deprived of feeling, as by cold.	că'dençø : the close or fall of a strain of music.
bê sêech' : beg ; ask earnestly.	Căd'mus.
bıl'lôwş : great waves of the sea.	căn'nĩ bal : an animal that devours its own kind.
Bĩs nă găr'.	că nœ' : a small, light boat.
blith'e'somø : gay ; cheerful.	căn'yỏnş : deep gorges or hollows between steep banks, worn by water courses.
bôard : go on deck of.	căp'tivø : a prisoner taken in war.
bôwl'dêrs : large stones worn smooth by the action of water ; rocks, rounded or not, carried by natural agencies far from their native bed.	căr'à vãn : a company of travelers through a desert.
brêth'rên : brothers.	căr'ỉ ỏn : dead bodies of animals, unfit for food.
brĩn'y' : salty.	căt'à rắctş : great falls of water over steep places.
buoy (bwoi) : a floating object chained in place to mark a channel or to show the position of something under the water, as a rock.	çẻl' ẻ bră tẻd : famous ; well known.
bủr'den : the chorus of a song.	Cẻn'taurş.
bủr'rỏwş : holes in the ground, made for homes by certain animals.	çẻr'ẻ mò nẻş : forms of politeness.
bủs'tlĩng : noisy ; active.	chă'r'ỉ tỷ : kindness to the poor.
	Chẻe mạun' : a birch canoe.
	Chỉ'rỏn.

Çin'trà: a town in Portugal.

clăn'gor: a sharp, harsh, ringing sound.

clēave: cut; part.

cl'ient: one who asks advice of a lawyer.

Cöl'ehis.

côm mēnd'ēd: praised.

côm pass'ion âte lý:

(păsh) pityingly.

côm pēllēd': forced, obliged.

côm'plăi sânt lý: politely.

côm prē hēnd': under-stand.

côn çen'tēred: concentrated; fixed.

côn fid'ing: trusting.

côn jēc'tûre: guess.

côn jûre': beg earnestly.

côn'jûr or: a magician.

côn' sē quēnt lý: accordingly: as a result.

côn strūc'tion(shūn): manner of building; arrangement.

côn vēr'tēd: changed.

côn veyed': carried.

côv'ert: shelter.

Cru'sōes: men like Robinson Crusoe, the hero of the story of that name. He was a shipwrecked sailor who lived many years on an uninhabited island.

dē cis'ion: fixed purpose. (sīzh)

deficiency (dē fish'en çy): want.

dē lib'ēr âte: slow and careful.

dē mûre'ly: soberly.

dīs guīsed': dressed for the purpose of concealment.

dīs'mal: sad.

dī vēr't': turn aside.

Dō dō'nâ.

drēar'ī est: most comfortless and sorrowful.

drow'sy: sleepy.

ēd'dy ing: moving in a circle.

ē mērged': came out.

ēm'ī grants: emigrants are people who have left

one country to settle in another.	fraud: deceit; cheat.
ən coun'tēr: meet.	fröth'ÿ: full of bubbles.
ən'ēr ġÿ: force and reso- lution; power for work.	fūnc'tions (shūŋ): actions suitable to a business or profession.
ən tēr tāin'ment: amuse- ment.	gäl'lant: brave.
è quipped': dressed; fit- ted out.	gäl'lēÿ: a vessel with oars, used by ancient people.
ës pīed': saw.	gärb: dress.
è thē'rē al: heavenly.	Gēe'zīs: the sun.
	ġē'nīeŋ: spirits; powerful fairies.
fēat'lÿ: nimbly.	giving ear: listening.
fēats: tricks.	glāre: stare; look fiercely.
fēe: charge.	glēe: joy; mirth.
fēs'tī valŋ: feasts.	glöss'ÿ: smooth and shin- ing.
fi'broŋs: composed of fibers or threads; tough.	grät'ī tūde: thankfulness.
fi dēl'ī tÿ: faithfulness.	gräv ī tā'tion (shūn): the law of nature by which all bodies are drawn toward one another.
fis'sure: a narrow open- (fish) ing.	Great Wall, the: a wall fourteen hundred miles long, built many hun- dreds of years ago for the defense of the Chi- nese Empire.
fit'ful: changeable.	
fläunt: wave; spread out.	
flēe: run away.	
flīm'sÿ: thin.	
för beâr': keep from.	
för'ēġn: belonging to other countries.	
fōur scōre: eighty.	

grēen'sward: turf green with grass.	who imposes upon others.
gward'ī an: one to whose care a person or thing is committed.	in crē dū'lī tŷ: unbelief.
gūlŷ: long-winged sea- birds.	in'fī nīte lŷ: beyond meas- ure; greatly.
	in gē nū'ī tŷ: skill; in- ventiveness.
hāv'oc: destruction; ruin.	in hēr'īt anç: possession.
hawŷ'ērŷ: large ropes.	in scrip'tion (shŭn): that which is inscribed or written, especially on a building or monument.
hēr'mīt: a man who lives apart from other peo- ple.	in stal'ed': placed in office.
hīl'lōck: a small mound.	in stīnc'tive: acting ac- cording to one's nature.
hīre'ling: one who serves for gain only.	in tēr çēde': speak in one's behalf.
hōp'pēr: a box through which grain passes into a mill.	in tōl'ēr ā ble: not to be borne.
Hous'sāin.	in'vā līd: one who is weak from illness.
hōv'ērŷ: covers; shelters.	Ī ōl'ehōs.
hū mīl' ī ā'tion (shŭn): shame; disgrace.	Jā'son.
īl lū'mī nāt ēd: lighted up; brightened.	jūn'gleŷ: thickets of trees and vines.
īm āg'ī nā tīve: full of fancies.	Kāgh: the hedgehog.
īm pēt'ū ōŷ: hasty.	kīne: cows.
īm pōs'tor: a cheat; one	knight: a man who re-

ceives a rank which entitles him to be called Sir; as, Sir Walter Scott.	mê ehăn'ĩ cal: relating to tools and machinery.
	mêeh'an'ism: arrangement of the parts of anything.
lăg: go slowly.	Mê dê'ă.
lăir: the bed of a wild beast.	mêd'ĩ tătê: intend; think seriously.
lêa: meadow; field.	mêed: reward.
lêagueș: a league is a measure of distance of from two to four miles.	măn'ă rêt: the tall, slender tower of a mosque.
lê'gal: relating to law; governed by the rules of law.	măn'strêl: poet; singer.
Lê ƠN'ĩ das.	măis chănçê': misfortune; ill luck.
line, the: the Equator.	măis'chiê vouts: doing harm in play.
lĩn'guist: a person skilled in languages.	mốc'cả sĩn: an Indian shoe made of deerskin, the sole and the upper part being in one piece.
lôath: unwilling.	Moon of Leaves: May.
low'êr: seem dark and gloomy.	mosque (môsk): a church in Eastern countries.
măl'ĩçê: ill will.	mous tâch'ĩ ôș: mustache.
măn ũ făc'tũred: made.	mũl'lêt: a kind of fish.
mă'trôn lý: womanly; motherly.	mỹs'têr ỹ: something secret.
măze: a tangle; a network.	năn kên': a kind of yellow cotton cloth.

Nẹp'tũnə.

nۆk : corner.

Nour'gĩ hãn.

Nou rөн'nĩ hār.

ò bẻi'sançə : bow.

òb scũ'rĩ tỹ : darkness.

òb sẻv'ing : seeing ; noticing.

ỏr'bĩts : paths round the sun.

Ôr'pheus (fũs).

palanquin (pẻl an kẻn') :
an inclosed carriage,
used in China and India,
which is borne on
the shoulders of men
by means of two poles.

pẻr'ả chẻtə : a sort of umbrella
by means of
which descent is made
from a balloon.

pẻt'tẻng : wooden soles
made to raise the feet
above mud.

pẻers : equals.

pẻlf : money ; riches.

Pẻ'ỉ ảs.

pẻn'ẻ trẻtə : pierce into.

Pẻ rẻ bẻ'nou.

pẻs'tẻ lẻnçə : the plague ;
a deadly disease.

philosophy (fẻ lẻs'ỏ fẻ) :
the science or knowledge
of things, their
causes and their effects.

phiz (fẻ) : face.

pilot-cloth sack : a coat
made of coarse dark
blue cloth such as pilots
wear.

plẻ'ant : bending easily
without breaking.

plẻm'mỹ : full of plums.

pẻl'lẻck : a sea-fish somewhat
like the cod.

pẻl lủ'tion (shẻn) : uncleanness.

pẻr'pẻis ẻs : sea animals.

pẻrt : manner of carrying
oneself.

pẻr trẻy'al : description.

pẻ'tion (shẻn) : drink ;
dose, usually of liquid
medicine.

pẻied : looked closely.

pẻrẻ'ủçə : that which is
brought forth from the
ground.

profession (prô fësh'ün):	rê nounçé': give up.
employment; the business which one follows.	rê pël': drive away.
	rê prôach'ful lý: chidingly.
prô môt'éd: advanced;	rê quired': needed.
raised in rank.	rêş'in: a gummy substance which flows from the fir tree.
prô trūd'éd: thrust out.	rê splên'dent: very bright; shining.
prow: the forepart of a vessel.	rê tired': went away.
prowl'ing: going stealthily or slyly.	rêv êr ên'tial (shal): respectful; humble.
quad'ru pëd: an animal having four feet.	rôamed: wandered; went from place to place.
quaint: odd; curious.	rô'sê âte: rosy.
quar'ry: the animal hunted.	rou tîné': regular course of action.
quar'tër staff: a long, stout staff used as a weapon.	rüd'dî nêss: redness.
quëst: search.	säl'lied: ran out.
	Säm ar känd'.
räm'pärts: walls surrounding a place for its defense.	Sä mō'ä.
rê lüc'tant: unwilling.	sän'dalş: shoes consisting of soles strapped to the feet.
rêm ĩ nîs'çenç êş: recollections.	scëp'tër: a staff carried by a king as a sign of his authority.
rê môn'stranç êş: objections.	sêa-pîeş: shore birds,

sometimes called oyster catchers.	useless by stopping the vent or touchhole with a nail or spike.
sě clūd'ěd: apart from others; lonely.	sprāy: water falling in very small drops.
sědǵ'ěş: coarse grasses which grow in marshy places.	sprītes: spirits; fairies.
Sě rā'pīs.	squawş: Indian women.
shēer: straight up and down.	strāight'wāy: at once.
shīl'līngş: the shilling is a silver coin of Great Britain equal in value to about twenty-four cents of our money.	strānd: shore.
shōal: a great number, a crowd—said especially of fish.	strīdş: passages between steep rocks or banks so narrow that they look as if they might be crossed at a stride.
smōl'dēr īng: burning and smoking without flame.	stūr'dŷ: strong.
sō'jōurn ērş: those who dwell for a time.	sŭb'stī tŭte: a person or thing put in place of another.
sō līç'īt: ask earnestly.	sŭlk'ī lŷ: peevishly; angrily.
sōl'ī tā rŷ: lonely.	sŭl'tan: an Eastern king.
sōm'bēr: dark; gloomy.	sŭp'plē: easily bent.
sōre'lŷ: greatly.	sŭs pēnd'ěd: hung.
sōv'ēr ēġn: effectual.	swēep: a boy who cleans chimneys by sweeping them.
species (spē'shēz): kinds.	swīrl'īng: whirling.
spīkēd: made the guns	sylph (sīlf): a fairy.
	sŷm'pā thīze: pity.

Tăm'á räck: the American larch.	väl'iant (yant): brave.
Tà quă mē'naŭ: a river of northern Michigan, which flows into Lake Superior.	väl'or: courage.
tērŋ: long-winged sea-birds.	văunt'ing lý: boastingly; braggingly.
těth'ērēd: fastened by a rope, for feeding within certain limits.	vēēred: turned; changed direction.
Thēr mōp'y (ě) lăē.	vēr'dūr oūs: green.
thith'ēr: to this place.	vī'brătēs: moves to and fro.
tō'kēŋ: signs.	vīz'iers (yěŋ): in Eastern countries, officers of high rank.
tow'ēr ing: very high.	Vŭl'can.
trăn'quıl: quiet, calm.	whıst: still; quiet.
trăns pâr'ent: that can be seen through.	wıg'wamŋ: Indian houses made of poles covered with mats or bark.
trăns pōrt'ēd: carried.	wınd'falł: portion of a forest blown down in a wind storm.
tūr'bŭ lent: disturbed; roused to great commotion.	wròught: worked.
ŭn gēn'tle: not gentle; rough.	Xerxes (Zēr'x'ēs).
ŭr'chın: a little boy.	yacht: a light sea-going vessel used for parties of pleasure, racing, etc.
Vai lı'ma.	

Phonic Chart

Vowels

ā as in hāte	ě as in mět	û as in tûbe
â as in senâte	ē as in hēr	û as in pictûre
ǎ as in hăt	ī as in pīne	ũ as in tũb
ä as in fär	î as in îdea	ұ as in pull
ą as in ąll	ï as in pîn	û as in fûr
â as in âsk	ī as in sīr	oi, oy as in oil, toy
â as in câre	ō as in nōte	ou, ow as in out, now
ē as in mē	ô as in viôlet	oo as in mōon
ê as in bēlieve	ö as in nôt	oo as in fōot

Equivalents

ą=ö as in whąt	ī=ē as in bīrd	ô=ą as in hōrse
e=ā as in they	o=oo as in dọ	ó=ũ as in sỏn
ê=â as in thêre	o=oo or ұ as in	ȳ=ī as in flȳ
ī=ē as in police	wọman	ÿ=ỉ as in hÿmn

Consonants

c as in call	g as in get	th as in this
ç as in çent	ğ as in ğem	ŋ (=ng) as in inķ
ch as in chase	s as in same	x (=ks) as in vex
eh as in chorus	ş as in haş	ẋ (=gs) as in exĩst
gh as in çhaise	th as in thin	

DATE DUE

~~JUN 14 1984~~

GAYLORD

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

Acme Library Card Pocket
Under Pat. Sept. 26, '76, "Ref. Index File"
Made by **LIBRARY BUREAU**
530 ATLANTIC AVE., BOSTON

Keep Your Card in this Pocket

